THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 3, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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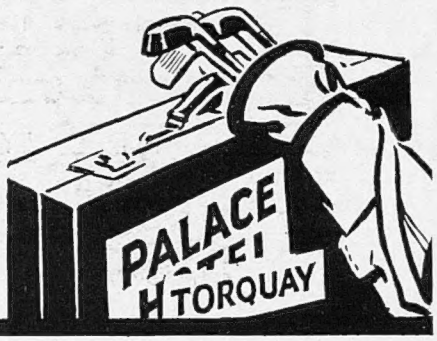

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The BYSTANDER

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"A STUDY." By G. SPENCER WATSON, R.A.

One of Mr. G. Spencer Watson's six contributions to this year's Royal Academy is this beautiful nude, which he has called simply "A Study." Other Academy pictures, including Mr. Spencer Watson's portrait of Mrs. Thomas Darley, are on pages 198-9

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THE KING must have greatly regretted that he took notice of the weather report about Newmarket and thus missed seeing the Two Thousand Guineas. It was so warm on Wednesday that practically none of the men wore overcoats, and most of the women left their wraps on the pegs at the back of the Members' Stand. Considering the rain on Tuesday, it was surprising how full the Meeting was.

ONCE again the Paddock was a sea of bowler hats. The few exceptions were the soft black hats of Lord Blandford and Mr. Quinney Gilbey and the grey felt hat of Lord Westmorland. Mr. Gilbey, incidentally, had left Paris at nine o'clock in the morning, and yet was in time to see the first race at Newmarket, which shows what you can do if you are in a hurry. Incidentally, too, he put me on to Rodosto, though I do not think he backed it himself.

THE Stewards at Newmarket never allow photographers in the Paddock, and so the young man who turned up in grey plus fours reaching to his ankles, and black-and-white shoes and no hat, did not create the sensation that he would have no doubt liked. Colonel Fred Cripps's suède shoes, and Colonel Egerton's collar, which was higher than ever, were both conspicuous.

LADY BRIDGET POULETT, in pale green, was with her mother, but while her mother seemed to know all about racing, Lady Bridget looked rather desolate. In contrast to her was Lady Joan Colville, who is becoming quite a regular and knows all about it. Several of the more obese women once again forgot that to sit on the stone steps of the Members' Stand is rather indiscreet, unless skirts are arranged very carefully indeed.

AMONG the regulars there were Mr. James de Rothschild, looking more than ever like a Sem cartoon; and Captain Joliffe, who had bid up to 1750 guineas for Moorstone before it was

Right: Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, of Gledfield, Ardgay, Ross-shire, and Miss Peggy Barnard, the only child of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. E. Barnard, who were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Swaebe

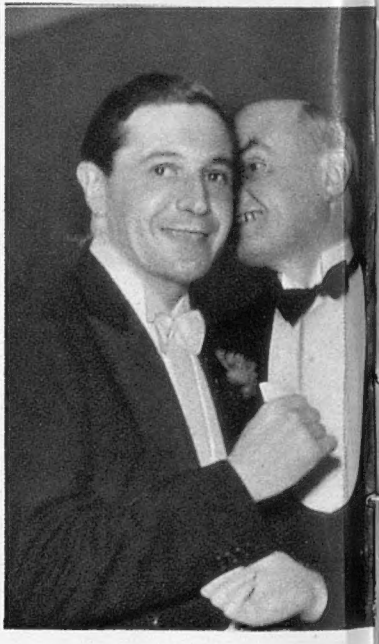
The Hon. James Lindsay and the

The wedding of the Earl and Countess of James Lindsay, and the Hon. Bronwen Howard de Walden's eldest daughter, at which the biggest of last week's series of weddings, Abbot's, Kensington. Miss Scott-Ellis had

Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley with their baby daughter, Edwina Maureen, after her christening, which took place at Nether Alderley Church, Cheshire

Sasha

Miss Helen Gilliland and Colonel Peter Combe at the first night of "How D'You Do?", the new Charlot revue, at the Comedy Theatre



At the "When Ladies Meet" Edward Marsh talking to Ivor will be playing together in Ivor

knocked down to George Duller for 3700. Captain Joliffe, however, bought an animal called High Day at the sales.

HE had been standing with Brownie Carslake and Godfrey the trainer, who is over from India. Carslake told him that High Day "went like a scalded cat," and so Captain Joliffe bought it for a hundred guineas. It was the irony of fate that the previous owner, Mr. Victor Emanuel, had refused six thousand guineas for High Day in the United States.

ANOTHER regular was Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who had hoped that Hubris would win the Wilbraham Stakes. Just before this race, a certain noble lord and his friend walked into the Members' Enclosure, having just arrived from London, and escaped the notice of the man at the door, with the result that they both saved themselves £1 16s.

OTHER regular Newmarket enthusiasts were Sir Christopher and Lady Magnay. Lord and Lady Playfair came in their party, as also did Lady Marjorie Erskine. I also saw Lord and Lady Weymouth. Most of the women seemed to be dressed in blue and green, while the men wore their bowler hats tilted over the eye.

Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis

Crawford's younger son, the Hon. Scott-Ellis, and took place at St. Mary Princess Beatrice was present, was no less than fourteen bridesmaids

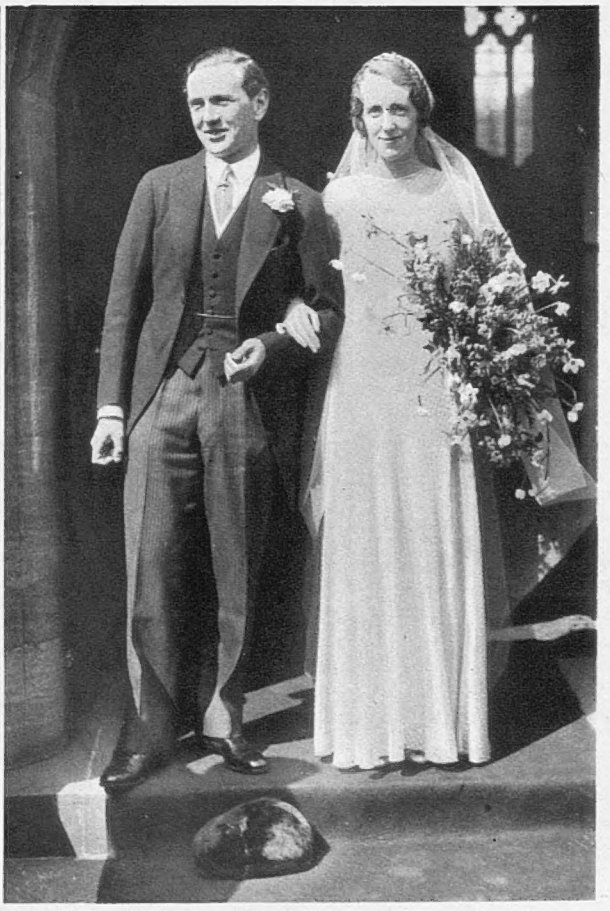
Sasha

first night at the Lyric: Mr. Novello and Fay Compton, who Novello's new play, "Proscenium"

Leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding: the Hon. Henry Dewar, half-brother of the present Lord Forteviot and his heir-presumptive, and Miss Cynthia Starkie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Starkie, of Hethe Place, Cowden, Kent

An Engaged Couple

Sir Paul Latham and Lady Patricia Moore, daughter of the Earl of Drogheda and Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, announced their engagement about ten days ago. Sir Paul Latham is M.P. for Scarborough, and on the L.C.C. He succeeded his father in 1931



A Black Cat for Luck

Mr. Francis Baring and Lady Rose McDonnell, the elder sister of the Earl of Antrim, who were married at Godalming, found a determinedly-asleep black cat on the steps of the Church as they came out. It had already been removed once by the police, but had come back

BACK in London, the Embassy has reopened with large numbers of glass mirrors let into the walls. The management hope to secure the services of Miss Beatrice Lillie to sing there, but Miss Lillie has not yet made up her mind. At the opening night, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, "the Prince of Story-Tellers," was there with his wife. He looks more hale and hearty than ever, and rather reminds one in his vitality of an old-time prize-fighter. You would never guess that he was a fiction-writer.

QUAGLINO'S is also redecorated, or rather, replanned, and the grill downstairs has now room for another ten or fifteen tables. Most of the celebrities, however, were still away at Newmarket, though nearly all the tables were crowded. At the Hungaria, the same night, Lady Charles Cavendish was in a large party. She has come over from Ireland a week ahead of her husband, and, feeling rather lonely in the big house in Carlton Gardens without him, has gone off to stay with a woman friend.

Charity Affairs

Above are Miss Elspeth Bailey and Miss Consuela Eyre helping with tea at Lady Hadfield's At Home for the Spotlights Matinée cast. Left: Mrs. "Pops" d'Erlanger and Mrs. Nick Prinsep at the committee meeting for the Débutantes' Ball

Left: Miss Betty Somerset and Mrs. Heneage at the Blue Goose Club, part of the New Florida, which Miss Somerset, who also runs the Speakeasy, has just opened, with Mrs. Edward Alston and Miss Diana Caldwell

Sasha

"Montmartre-on-Thames"

At the pre-opening party at the Hungaria River Club at Maidenhead: Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Grayson, Lady Anne Rhys, Mr. Duncan Sandys, and Miss Peta Dundas. The Club, which has now been decorated to look like a street in Montmartre, opened officially last Saturday

TO-MORROW we will be able to see tangible results of the late Luigi's foresight in buying wines. There is to be a sale at the London Commercial Salerooms of two thousand eight hundred dozen bottles of wines and spirits constituting the surplus stock from the Embassy Club cellars. It makes one's mouth water to read the list of 1914, 1919, and 1921 champagnes; the 1921 hocks are of such an elegant vintage that it takes two lines of close type to print only a couple of their names; and the same goes with the 1921 moselles. There are also Château d'Yquems.

THEN look at the clarets, burgundies, ports, and brandies. There are ports going back to 1847, 1851, 1854, 1858, and 1900; there are 1911 burgundies and eighty-seven-year-old brandies; and, what is more, they are all being sold without reserve.

IT is curious how marriage seems positively contagious. Lady Anne Wellesley, as she then was, set the fashion among girls of her surname by her marriage to Mr. David Rhys, and her example has been immediately followed by the engagements of Lady Diana Wellesley and Miss Pamela Wellesley. Lady Anne Rhys and her husband broke all the rules and actually did not lose money at Monte Carlo, although they played roulette fairly frequently. They are now installed in their house in Norfolk Crescent.

STRANGELY enough, I have not yet seen the Sweenys since their return, though one hears all about them. It appears that they allot themselves a ration of only two late nights a week, and when this has been exhausted, they sit at home and presumably listen to the wireless. Mrs. Sweeny is going to be presented at the fourth Court by Mme. Regis de Oliveira, the wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, who is now the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. Two other people I have not seen for some time are Mrs. Peter Horlick and Miss Rose Bingham.

THE engagement of Sir Paul Latham and Lady Patricia Moore was certainly a surprise to me. Sir Paul never seemed to me to be the marrying type. However, there is no doubt about it that he has chosen a brilliant wife. Lady Patricia will be the ideal hostess for a rising young politician.

Left : Miss Dix and Mr. Sidney Beer at the May Fair Hotel, where the dinner was held ; Mr. Beer is going off next week to conduct concerts in Budapest and Vienna

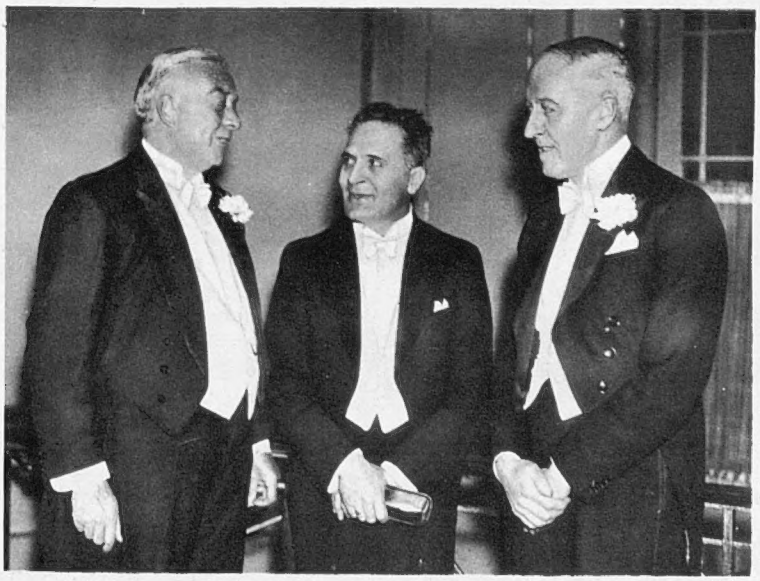
Below : Mr. J. B. Priestley and Miss Sigle Lynn were evidently finding the art of dinner-table conversation easy and amusing

Right : Violet, Lady Melchett and the Dowager Lady Swaythling were at the dinner, which was held on the evening after the second of the three Courtauld-Sargent Concerts at which Bruno Walter was conducting the London Philharmonic

Left : Miss Beatrice Harrison, the 'cellist, and Mr. Arthur Meyer. Sir Thomas Beecham, who presided at the dinner in Sir Edward Elgar's absence through illness, proposed the health of the guest of honour

In Honour of Bruno Walter

The Music Club's Dinner



On the left are Mr. Arthur Brooks, Dr. Bruno Walter, the great conductor himself, and Mr. J. A. Forsyth, the Secretary of the Music Club. Above are Mr. Alfonso Marconi and Viscountess Snowden

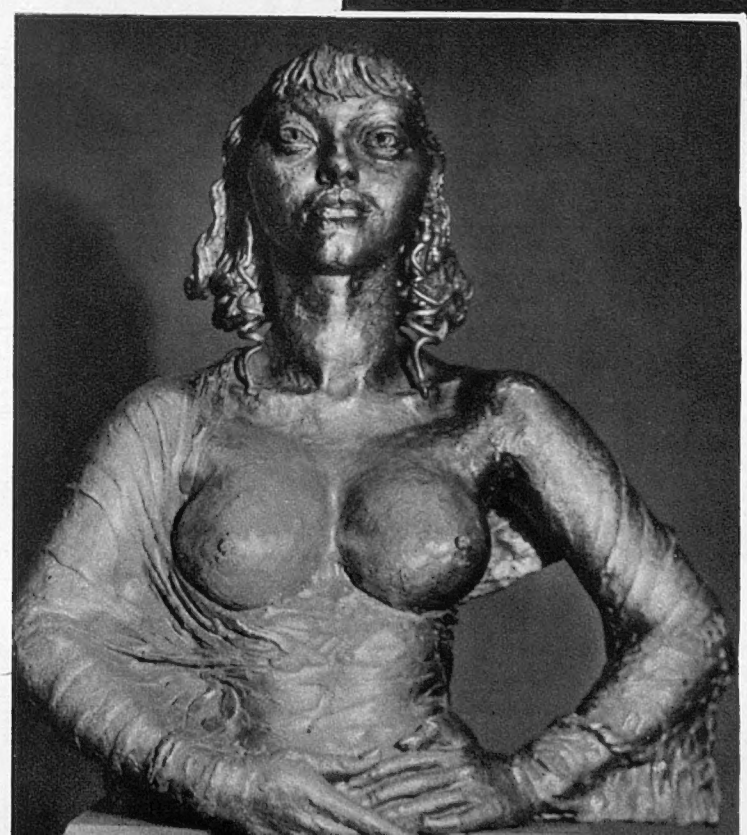
Exclusive Photographs by John Everard, Orange St.

Ahmed from Arabia—An Epstein Model

The Ideal or the Real?

The Models Themselves and How Epstein Expresses Them

Above: a camera study, by John Everard, of "Ahmed," a beautiful Arabian girl from Yemen, who is the model who sat to Epstein for the bust executed in green bronze which will be seen reproduced on the right



Above: a portrait, also by John Everard, of another Epstein model called "Niki," a beautiful Thibetan girl who is herself an artist and also an exponent of Eastern dancing. Her bust is seen on the left

Niki from Thibet—An Epstein Model

AS compared with his stone carvings—such as "Primeval Gods" and other allegorical work on view at the Leicester Galleries—these busts by Jacob Epstein may appear to some to savour of the commonplace, for, there is no doubt what the artist is "getting at." The busts are obviously portraits, and one is even more obviously, a woman. It cannot be said, however, that the artist has gone out of his way to idealise the beauty of his sitters. Undoubtedly powerful as they are, many people may be so perverse as to discover greater beauty in the camera studies than in the Epstein busts, but such folk as these are, of course, quite outside the pale

A Racing Reverie: *By "Regular"*

Newmarket's Best Week's Racing

THERE 's no rest for us Regulars just now. Shrouded with a hang-over from Epsom, we tottered off to Sandown for a couple of days, and then, with only Monday intervening in which to make it all right with the bank, or all right with our bookmaker, or all right with both, we find ourselves at Newmarket, for the best week's racing there during the whole year.

EPSOM, which looked like being a "stinker," ended up on a happy note with victories for Gold Bridge and Rock Star, both trained by "Vandy" Beatty, and to whom they did the utmost credit. The "Tote" paid Gold Bridge the pretty little compliment of returning 2 to 1 on him, while the bookmakers returned 6 to 4 against, proof that the "human touch" is not the sole prerogative of the machine.

THIS discrepancy, I may add, was due to the fact that Mr. Joel "took a view" about Rosemary's Pet to the tune of a couple of thousands of the best. Thinking, no doubt, that 20,000 two-shilling tickets would be rather a bore to carry about with him, and, I presume, not having an account with "Tote" Investors, he was old-fashioned enough to patronise the books. This nice little wager caused Gold Bridge to "ease," and at one time Rosemary's Pet was actually favourite.

BY the way, Gold Bridge's mamma, Flying Diadem, was no better than she should be, and when Gold Bridge arrived, both Swynford and Golden Boss were under suspicion. In the way that men do of course, both denied ever having had a bite out of the same manger with the girl, but, nevertheless, both got the credit for it, though now he has grown up, Gold Bridge has cleared Swynford's good name, as he is the dead spit of Golden Boss, only better-looking. The Epsom race-card, however, described him as being by Swynford—Golden Boss, which is, of course, a fairy story.

MOST of us have lost enough money over Rock Star to buy him three times over. When his race came along, we were most of us in the state when "another 'tenner' doesn't really matter very much," and so we gave him another chance, and with Gordon Richards up, standing no damn nonsense from Rock Star or anyone else, the old bogy rolled home by three lengths, and for once "Scatters's" optimism was justified.

SANDOWN was expensive. I am not referring to the 24s. entrance to Tattersall's, or the bottle you had to drink Sherry's and Fred Darling's health in, after they had obliged with Maureen, with Tetrapylon a 6 to 4 chance from the same stable coming in some time after, but the results, in general, were *not* in keeping with our preconceived notions, as a contemporary, in a daily newspaper, very ably described it. Just in case you thought I was being "catty" in drawing attention to the fact that the "Tote" returned 2 to 1 on about Gold Bridge, I will tell you that, while the books returned 25 to 1 Maureen, the "Tote" paid 166s. for two "bob."

THE worst slap in the eye we sustained was the dire failure of Corona-Corona. Popularly known as Bert (I am sure he will pardon my mentioning the fact), Lord Blandford's success would have been toasted by one and all. (It was a 5 to 4 chance.) Alas! it was not to be, and this noble animal, which had bustled up Gordon Richards and Lochiel at Newmarket, could only finish third.

Lady Moira Forbes, the Earl of Granard's elder daughter, and Mr. Lowery at Punchestown on the first day of the Meeting last week

AGAINST these reverses, however, quite a lot of people profited by the success of Koppit and Codicil, belonging to two of our more enthusiastic lady-owners in Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Glorney. With many married couples, one of them is desperately keen, while the other one hates the sight of a horse. With the Evanses and the Glorneys, however, it is a case of fifty-fifty, and, without hesitation, I give them the joint prize for the most enthusiastic racing married couple.

THERE are always a lot of people at Newmarket on Guineas Day one expects to see on a late night at the Embassy or the Café de Paris, but *not* at Newmarket. Many hard and fast Regulars (the sort who have watched every Two Thousand since '88 from the same place and intend continuing doing so till the end of time) eye them with a very unfriendly look. Personally, I am all for the Irregulars, and their presence adds glamour to the proceedings.

LADY POULETT had brought her daughter, Bridget, a very nice, kind girl, who read me out the draw for the big race and made no mistakes. I am particularly glad the rain held off, as she hardly appeared clad to withstand a rainstorm on the Rowley Mile.

As to who was there of the Regulars, it would be difficult to give the names of half a dozen who weren't there. I have seldom seen a more representative gathering, and although very few backed the Frenchman, Rodosto, most people won a bit on the day.

"YOU never told me when I met you in the Ritz Bar" exclaimed a "not-so-lovely" whom I had encountered on a recent visit to Paris. No, my dear; and I didn't back him, either! I had seen him pull a cart and win at Longchamps, beating older horses over seven furlongs, but I did not think he 'd get the trip here, and so I left him out. Not for the first time in my life, I was wrong.

WELL, the French had a lovely touch all on their own; they backed their animal down to 9 to 1 and had it all to themselves. The only person I met who had backed him was the Vicomte "Bastian" Foy, who is French, of course, though, from continual association, we have come to regard him as an Englishman.

Poole, Dublin

Another Punchestown photograph: Miss Erica Greer, granddaughter of Sir Harry Greer, Director of the National Stud in Ireland, and Miss Pamela Vandeleur, who was in Lord and Lady Meath's party

THE pleasantest sight of the whole day was Straniero's number being put in the frame after he had won a short head and "got us out." One is never sure at Newmarket in a close finish, and one has to wait for the judge. The next pleasantest sight was Mrs. Derek Murphy, who looked lovely.

So, too, did Lady Weymouth, who, under Michael Beary's tuition, is fast becoming one of our best lady jockeys. Her husband, never previously a very enthusiastic horseman, is also making great strides, and tells me that he now regards a horse as quite a friendly animal.

Hors d'Œuvres: By "Caviare"

MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD has a smile worthy of the screen. It is a charming and very sweet smile. Lady Margaret Stewart looks her best when she smiles. She has a witty mouth; and Mrs. Ian Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter, has a specially gay smile.

DOES the middle-aged baronet think the young wife loves him for his beaux yeux?

MRS. RICHARD NORTON is one of the few women who look really well in a white hat. Those who see in the glass sallow complexions and morning-after-the-night-before lines should say, "No white makes Americans want English husbands; and who would blame them?

HAVE you seen—
Evelyn Laye's sugar-pink touches on navy?
Mrs. Woolf Barnato's shoes with bows?
Lady Diana Wellesley's check gloves?
Joan Marjoribanks's béret angle?

HASN'T a young man we all know been rather indiscreet about the affair-before-this; and he should have known that no woman is gentlemanly about a man's past.

River-side nights started again a week or so ago, though not in very river-night-ish weather: Mr. Hamar Bagnall, Mrs. du Pont, Mrs. Derek Morley, Mr. L. Govett, and Miss Alison Campbell started the season together at the Pavilion Club

Another party at the Pavilion River Club at Datchet on the opening night were Lady Rosemary Ryan, Mr. J. Abel-Smith, Miss Daphne Lawson, Mr. P. Smith-Dorien, Mrs. W. H. Kingsmill and Mr. J. Thursby

Swaebe

Riverside Nights: a Party at the Pavilion Club

to-day." Mrs. James Hamilton has a fetching white fez and "Oh!-I-ought-to-be-a-strong-man" padded shoulders.

IS a small, swift car responsible for so much, and, again, so much more?

FRIENDS are not always a blessing. One has just managed to spoil a very promising romance.

HE was sitting in his country house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey:
Eating bread and honey
Paid for by his money—and how!

WHAT a very charming person Mrs. John Dewar is, and her daughter promises to be as attractive by the time she "comes out." John Dewar is one of those truly English types and so nice, which

I ADMIRE Lady Dumfries; I adore her twins; I envy their ermine pram-rug (so rich and rare); and I love their aunt, Lady Moira Forbes. Altogether, most charming people—and so say a great many of us.

QUESTIONS for the querulous and quince-like—
Who takes the best seat quickly?
Who takes anything in trousers and forgets to return them?
Whose visit is prolonged indefinitely?
Who makes a big difference to the stock of the cellar?
Who won't propose?

ORIGINAL ideas are few and far between, but I think Lady Melchett's "white" party was new to London, although not to Paris. Lady Melchett, original in herself, her looks, and her clothes, is, nevertheless, a conventionally good hostess (thank goodness!) and we had a lovely time, thank you!

IT'S a long understanding which never has an interval for games and refreshment. Eh, Soldier-boy?

BOWLER-HAT angles: Major "Rattle" Barret wears his fair and square; Lord Valentia's is tipped back a little; Captain Percy Whitaker's is right on his nose (in the new fashion for us all, dear!); and Lord Hugh Beresford affects his in the correct straight-on-the-head style.

PEOPLE of whom we don't hear enough—
Mrs. David Margesson; Lord Delamere; Mrs. John Loder; Mr. "Blogs" Baldwin; and Mr. Beaton (Senior).

DOES a "lovely" agree that it is "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

WE are so interested that a well-known hunting woman has taken up cat's-cradle.

SEEN with his wife—
Sir Adrian Baillie at Ciro's;
Lord Harewood at a point-to-point;
Lord Brecknock in the Sunny South;
Lord Knollys at Eaton.

LIMELIGHT, please—
For Diana Wynyard's unspoilt sense of humour.
For "Bee" Lillie on her return home.
For a very Mayfair romance (still semi-secret).

LORD POULETT is an interesting young man to talk to, and he has a large collection of friends, including a number of admirers. Mr. Nigel Seely seems to be greatly in the limelight these days, and he appears to know everybody who is anybody, and he never forgets an acquaintance. (Blasé ex-debs, please note!)

At the Theatre

Wales

And Other Wails

Dorothy Dix, as the remorseless matriarch in "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman," at the Vaudeville Theatre

Henry Oscar as the villain of "Wild Justice," a melodrama with a punch, by James Dale, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Grizelda Hervey as the sister of the Gentlewoman who marries the Soldier to keep the home fires burning

"The Soldier and the Gentlewoman" (Vaudeville)

LADY MACBETH, Strindberg's she-devil in *The Father*, and the whole distaff side of the Borgias have something to learn from the ungentle Gentlewoman of Hilda Vaughan's novel (adapted by Dorothy Massingham and Laurier Lister), who married a Soldier who was almost a Gentleman. Her brother, the heir to Plas Einon, had been killed in the war, and Gwenllian, deep-rooted in Welsh soil and superstition, was dispossessed by Cousin Dick from Streatham and the Army. Like the managing mother in the earlier Massingham play, *The Lake*, Gwenllian set things before people. Her God was Plas Einon, the estate and its dependents. She married Dick, a dozen years her junior, so that she might still live in draughty rooms innocent of central heating, telephones, and electric light.

The first Act succeeds in the difficult task of substantiating the atmosphere of ancestral fanaticism so vital to the progress of the narrative. The marriage goes from bad to worse. Dick, weak, bored and overridden, takes to drink and separate rooms. Gwenllian finds matriarchal solace in managing the estate, proudly and efficiently. The clash of temperaments and the steady drifting apart are vividly shown in telling detail. Sympathy veers from husband to wife as the faults of both crystallise. It is a tremendous struggle, with a supernatural undercurrent and the dice loaded by the stronger hands.

Three horrific moments will bring this grim tragedy to mind long after its playbills have gone from the Vaudeville. I shall long remember Dorothy Dix wiping the stain of a drunkard's passionate kiss from her lips—one superb gesture in a superb performance. Plas Einon wanted an heir; that kiss was the token.

It would have been easy to play for maximum sympathy in the lighter passages. Miss Dix moved to her appointed climax with a pent and pitiless force which froze the marrow. The second thrill is of sorcery and superstition. Dick has a heart attack after a violent quarrel, and Gwenllian crumples a candle into human effigy and stabs it with a brooch. This same ritual, performed by a crazy hag in the village, presages death to the original of the image. It is a dark prelude to the final high-spot of gloom—the murder scene in Dick's bedroom.

Avaunt, Lady Macbeth and your fancy daggers! Behold the Dix propping up her victim on cushions so that his useless heart, miraculously recovered, may stop beating and the breath choke convulsively between parched lips whimpering for medicine deliberately tossed through the window. And after that—the funeral. The old master is dead—the new one shall descend from his nursery to rule in his stead.

Dorothy Dix skilfully strikes a balance between femininity and fiendishness. Maurice Evans disintegrates, with fine nervous force, lacking only a sufficiency of Streathamitis. Diana Morgan's chattering Welsh maid, Brember Wills's patriarchal gardener, and Frederick Leister's rugged family doctor, are racy of the soil. Eric Maturin (with dog) is in clover as Dick's hard-drinking war friend and evil influence; and Grizelda Hervey as Gwenllian's non-ancestor-worshipping sister starts too casually, but tunes in crescendo to the final overture of horror. A bleak but prolific evening.

"The Brontës" (Royalty)

THEY are all here—the Brontesaurus himself, meaning his Reverence (well played by the author, Alfred Sangster), Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, their drunken brother Branwell, both the curates, the publisher, and even G. H. Lewis and the great Thackeray himself.

These famous life stories as dramatic tabloids can be exceedingly unsatisfactory. The Wagner play was painfully dull and unreal. The miracle of the Brontë sisters, achieving literary immortality from that damp, dour parsonage on the Yorkshire moors, is a tremendous quart for a three-act pint pot. This Sangster brew is a sound and satisfactory compound of atmosphere and chronology. The facts are faithfully presented and the author (always excepting the Brussels interlude) has a keen eye for a good scene and a moving curtain.

Under the critical mitroscope of individual or expert fancy, not every character can emerge unscathed. Is Charlotte's driving force sufficiently stressed, or is Lydia Sherwood too much the dithering dormouse and too little the pent fury? Is Anne (Helena Pickford) a thought too *Quality Street*-ish? Is Dorothy Black's Emily too ferocious a wild swan? Does drink over-quench the poetic fire in Denys Blakelock's Branwell? In the main all these players don the mantles of departed and contradictory genius with spirit and distinction. Not a super-play, but a credit to theatrical endeavour.

"Wild Justice" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

ARE dogs as intelligent as of yore? When Bouncer (in 1880) dug up a bloodstained shirt and a hammer in the back garden, Gabriel Perrey, solicitor and churchwarden, tee-heed coyly, excused his gambling debts lightly, tapped his wife with a mincing finger, and threatened to exterminate the entire family if they gave him away by so much as the flicker of an eyelid.

The Portsmouth police suspected the charlady's idiot boy of murdering the old woman in her shop, and pinching her savings. When the youth ran away and committed suicide, Mrs. Perrey's religious scruples rose above the fear of death. She produced documentary evidence and Gabriel was arrested and, after a surprising trial-scene, acquitted.

He returned home to supper and was only prevented from slitting his wife's weasand with a table-knife (this was before the days of rustless steel) and setting the house on fire, by the idiot boy's father, who succeeded, after a sharp bout of all-in wrestling, in planting the knife where, by all the rules of wild justice, it belonged.

James Dale's curious mixture of heart-in-the-mouth and tongue-in-the-cheek is an Elephant and Castle edition of *Payment Deferred*. The star turn is Henry Oscar's bespectacled villain, a pretty mixture of Malvolio and Macchiavelli, clown and Crippen. For all the actor's light touch of burlesque, Gabriel belongs to the genuine tribe of classic criminals. With this naïve but appetising thriller, the Lyric, Hammersmith, successfully begins a new "strong stuff" era. Good luck to the adventurers!

TRINCULO.

Delirious Dialogues: No. 12. George Robey and Neville Chamberlain

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

George: *Shiver me timbers, if it isn't Nasty Neville, the worst pirate of the lot! Well, I'm Bold Ben Blister—at your service.*

Neville: *Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Robey; I recognise you. I should know your eyebrows anywhere.*

George: *And the same to you, as you might say.*

Neville: *But why do you call me a pirate? I'm quite harmless. Pirates are ruthless people giving no quarter.*

George: *Well, you take a quarter, which is just as bad—five shillings in the pound. As a matter of fact, I know a lot about pirates. I read it all up for this part. They're always being chased by Revenue cutters.*

Neville: *That wouldn't worry me—I'm one myself.*

George: *And when they get caught they have to walk the plank, and get eaten by sharks.*

Neville: *That's all right—I'm one of the Die-hards. And, anyway, I'm a match for any shark. I can even extract super-tax from company promoters.*

George: *What's that unpleasant-looking paper in your hand?*

Neville: *That's a Final Notice, Mr. Robey.*

George: *A notice? I hope it's a good one!*

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Alan Kaye, the organiser of the dinner, Lacy Hillier, doing a bit of pedal-pushing, and George Parks with his miniature bar

WHILE America goes off the Gold Standard, and Ramsay MacDonald goes to America, the Stock Exchange, or some part of it, goes to Brighton on foot. The London to Brighton Walk will be over by the time this page is receiving its customary eager welcome in the House, and to those who are looking to see if their names appear this week, warning is given that only those who were or might have been personalities of the day on May 1st, are given a mention. As the Saturday opening rule could not be broken to allow the Walk to take place on April 29th, as was originally hoped, it was held on the Stock Exchange holiday, the first Monday in May.

Harry Preston greets Percy Geach, Chairman of the S.E.A.C.

THIS is the seventeenth time the event has been "walked" since 1903, when it originated in a bet between two members as to whether the fifty-two miles between London and Brighton could be walked in fifteen hours. Eighty-seven members became so interested in this problem that they decided to walk, too, and seventy-seven of them managed to arrive at the Aquarium, Brighton, the time of the last arrival being two minutes under thirteen hours. The race has now come to be a public event, and the route at various points is lined with spectators, especially at Horsham, the half-way house, where there is always a great Stock Exchange crowd.

THE Chairman of the Stock Exchange Athletic Club, under whose auspices the Walk takes place, is Percy Geach, whose girth hardly suggests a walker, nor yet the Flying Corps with which he served during the War. He used to be a boxer of no mean repute, and was a very good long-distance cyclist as well. He is a great friend of Tommy Hammond, from whom he took over the chairmanship when the latter got too busy to carry on with it. Tommy Hammond is now the judge and time-keeper, and the most famous of Stock Exchange walkers. On September 11-12, 1908, he created the world's long-distance record for twenty-four hours, during which time he walked 131 miles, 580 yards, a record which still stands. The boots which he wore for this great walk are now on show in the Sporting Trophies Exhibition. The record for the Stock Exchange Walk itself is held by T. W. Green, who walked the distance in 1930 in 8 hours, 2 min., 55 sec.

THE Hon. Secretary, A. Gordon Brown, is a past winner; nowadays he follows the race in a large car with a golliwog mascot. One of the Hon. Treasurers, W. W. Block, used to cheer things up by walking in red shorts; as Jonk can't paint these in their true colours, he has drawn the other Hon. Treasurer instead—Alan Kaye, who is responsible for organising the dinner at Brighton after the race. A. Herder, the Chief Steward, is really more of a musician than a walker; anyway, he is usually left behind at Westminster Bridge, trying to start up a venerable Trojan car. And then there is Leslie Smith, who can't keep his hands off the cash, for he walks out of the Scala Theatre, where he has been acting as box-office manager for the Dramatic Society, and takes over the programme-selling for the Walk.

PERSONALITIES of the day always include Lacy Hillier, one of the original walkers in 1903, who follows from start to finish on a bicycle; he used to push a pretty pedal on a "Penny-Farthing," and won't go in a "stink-pot," as he calls a car. He is a great snuff-taker, and has a beard and whiskers about which much speculation takes place as to which way they 'll blow over the course. Then there are Percy Hamilton-Hughes, who gave one of the cups competed for in the Walk, and follows with a large cigar, and E. R. Carter, who wins gold cups for carnations, and distributes prize blooms to the winners as they arrive in Brighton. And George Parks, who travels with a miniature wine and whisky bar in his car.

AT Brighton, the great Harry Preston welcomes the winners, and after the competitors have all arrived, and recovered from their efforts, or not, as the case may be, the Athletic Club holds its dinner at the Aquarium, and prizes and medals are presented. This year, Colonel C. D. Durnell, the Oxford rowing Blue and ex-coach, performed this office. And after everyone has recovered from the dinner, or not, as the case may be, they come back to London, by special arrangement with the Southern Railway.

Tommy Hammond, the judge and timekeeper

Above : a scene from "The Brontës" at the Royalty, showing the Rev. Patrick Brontë (Alfred Sangster) bidding good-night to his three daughters Charlotte (Lydia Sherwood), Emily (Dorothy Black), and Anne (Helena Pickard)

Right : a portrait of Charlotte Brontë, from a chalk drawing by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery. Below, Lydia Sherwood as she appears in the play at the Royalty in that character

This Brontë Business . . .

Remarkable Likenesses at the Royalty

Sasha

Lydia Sherwood as Charlotte

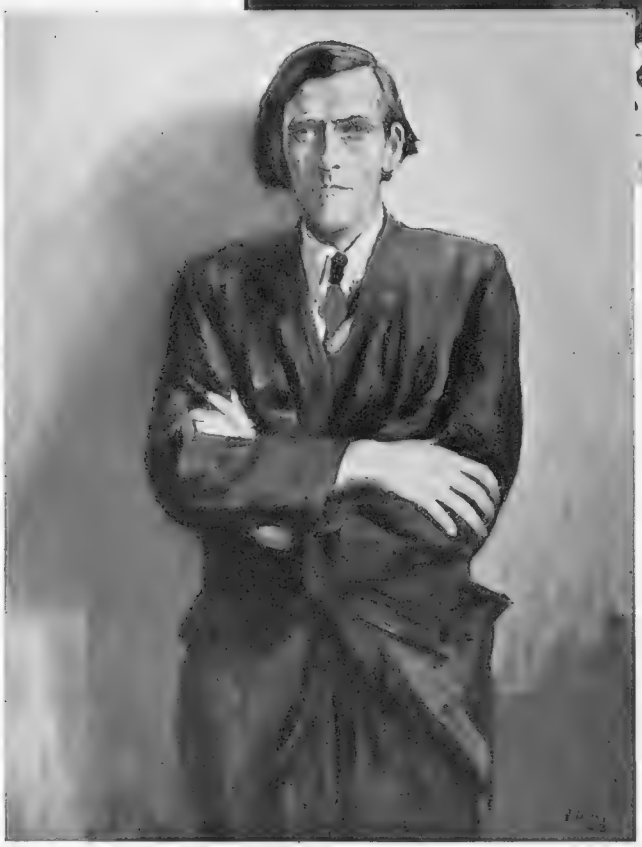
Above right : Emily Brontë, from a painting by Patrick Branwell Brontë, also in the National Portrait Gallery. Right : Emily Brontë in the play, the part which is taken by Dorothy Black

Sasha

Dorothy Black as Emily

Right: Sir Oswald Mosley with Lady Cynthia Mosley and the Marchese Marconi, with Professor Marpitati, Vice-Secretary of the Fascist Party (on the right) photographed in Rome on the occasion of Sir Oswald's visit

Below: Sir John Lavery's striking portrait of Mr. James Maxton, M.P., exhibited in this year's Royal Academy



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The Mosley Fascist Party Leader Meets Marconi

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

IF the truth be told, Mr. MacDonald stole Mr. Chamberlain's limelight last week. Interest was centred not at home but abroad, and the Budget seemed poor fare compared to our daily diet from Washington. The Premier, of course, cultivates glamour; it does him good; he thrives on it. Mr. Chamberlain shuns it and despises it. But he is wrong, for he is out of tune with the times, while Mr. MacDonald leads the band.

THE Conservative Party have always consistently under-estimated the importance of publicity. The Prime Minister's personal publicity to-day could hardly be better. But the Government's, as a whole, could hardly be worse. Who is to blame? At any rate, someone should be given the job of organising a publicity bureau. Mr. Holford Knight might be put in charge.

THE Socialists have nothing to learn so far as publicity is concerned. And at the other extreme, too, they are well away. The intelligentsia of their Party are probably their most valuable asset. Men like G. D. H. Cole and Professor Laski are never idle in their Party's cause. They produce a constant stream of works on Socialist theory and philosophy, which make an immense and increasing appeal to the middle-brows and, in particular, to undergraduates.

WHO do the anti-Socialists put up against them? I refuse to believe that there is no one who can meet them on their own ground. But the fact is there is a complete lack of vision at the Conservative and Liberal headquarters. The pundits have the idea of ephemeral propaganda firmly fixed in their heads, and there is room for nothing more. Something must be done about it. The men must be found. They must be sought out and set to work.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE and Lord Londonderry evidently have ideas about their press-value, but they are certainly ideas of their own and run in the least expected directions. Should our Cabinet Ministers maintain a certain standard of etiquette in their social lives? I have heard strong criticism of Sir Samuel's ice-skating exploits, and Lord Londonderry's performances on the dance floor.

I DOUBT very much if India views with any feelings of satisfaction or assurance the Secretary of State's figure-drawing in his all-black get-up. It smacks more of Mosley; while though Lord Londonderry's pastime is, I agree, harmless in itself, it does lower the prestige of the Cabinet for one of its most distinguished members and a great personal friend of the Prime Minister to be seen gavotting to the "Blue Danube." In the privacy of his own home or his friends' houses let him dance to his heart's content, but in a public place where all may gaze and wonder—no.

LAWN TENNIS, being in the Balfour tradition, is, ipso facto, permissible and to be encouraged.

I AM told that the Churchillians are rallying to battle again on the India front. The Easter holiday has not been spent by them in quiet contemplation of the inevitable. There have been comings and goings, alarums and excursions. Now all hope has been abandoned of influencing the Joint Select Committee, and direct appeal is to be made to the people.

THE latest attack on Mr. Baldwin is the first shot in a new bombardment. Nothing infuriates his opponents more than his complete unconcern at their manœuvres; his inveterate habit of not reading the newspapers has destroyed his imagination; but it has kept him complacently uninjured in the dark. Mrs. Baldwin keeps up the illusions in the belief that what is invisible may safely be ignored.

IT is unlikely that Mr. Fred Hall's death in the vacation will mean a by-election, for I don't think that the Socialist who is put up will be opposed. At Transport House, however, a pretty tussle is going on as to who is to be the candidate, for Normanton is as safely Socialist as South Kensington is Tory. The old stagers and the young bloods are having at each other hammer and sickle.

WHOEVER they choose eventually, I hope the Socialists will make a good choice and send back to us at Westminster someone who is worth while and is of general value to the House. To date the by-elections have resulted in no one particularly useful or advantageous, with the possible exception of Mr. Greenwood, being returned. And Mr. Greenwood seems to have become permanently comatose.

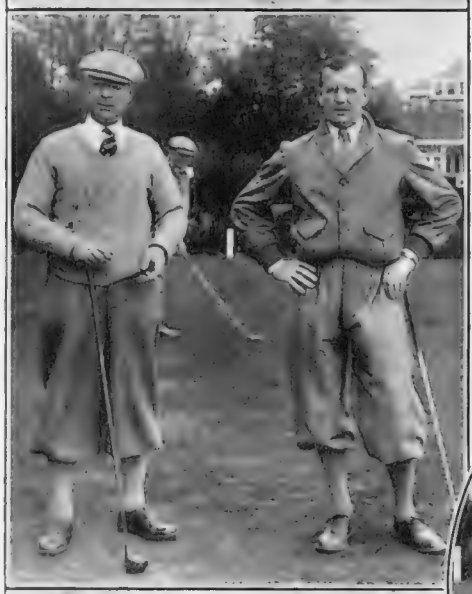
MR. H. G. WILLIAMS came in from Croydon, and I suppose now that Commander Kenworthy is no longer with us, we can do with one Jack-in-the-Box. Of the others, Sir William Ray has disappointed his admirers, Sir Francis Acland has come up to expectations (which date back to 1906), and Captain Cunningham-Reid has made the only really amusing impromptu since the present Parliament assembled. Appropriately, it was "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense."

I AM glad to hear that Lord Burleigh, who has taken office as Chairman of the Junior Imperial League, in place of Lord Stanley, is proving a great success. His speeches show plenty of wit if not too much wisdom. Lord Stanley, who has been ignored for the more spectacular ascent of his younger brother, has to compete against the handicap of deafness. But, in spite of it, he is making a reputation for himself.

Left : Wing-Comdr. J. E. P. Wood (R.A.F.) talking to Comdr. R. Leach (R.N. and M.) before the match started

Above : Engineer-Comdr. A. F. Akhurst (R.N. and M.) and Lt.-Comdr. H. C. H. Ainslie (R.N. and M.) waiting at the 1st tee

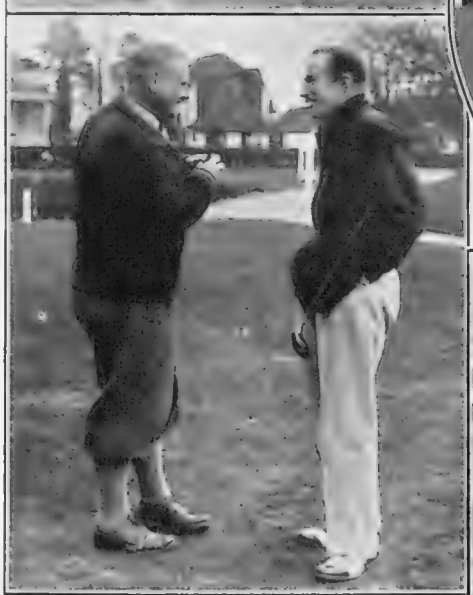
Lt.-Comdr. M. McMaster (R.N. and M.) and Fl.-Officer G. F. Macpherson (R.A.F.) caught together at the 2nd tee



Below : Fl.-Lt. Beamish, about to tee up, and Eng.-Comdr. C. J. G. MacKenzie (R.N. and M.) at the start of a match

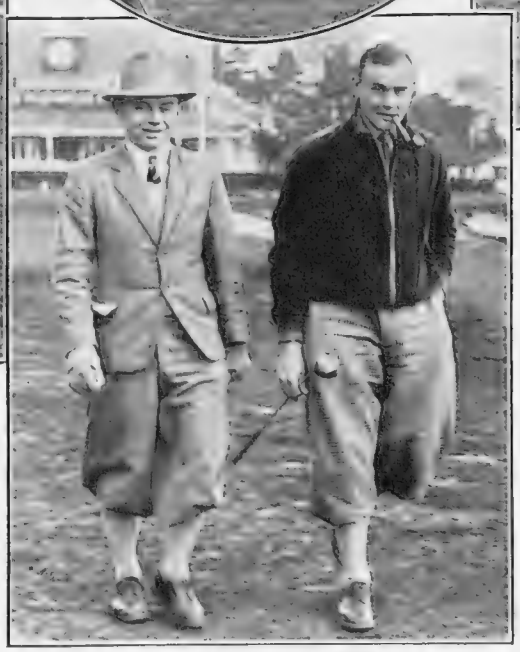
Above : Lt.-Comdr. F. A. R. Stephenson (R.N. and M.) and Group-Capt. A. C. White (R.A.F.) The Navy won by 8—3

Left : Fl.-Officer Pharazyn (R.A.F.) and Lt. S. G. L. Turnbull (R.N. and M.) going to the 1st green



Above, centre : Wing-Comdr. J. C. M. Lowe (R.A.F.) and Major R. A. Brooks (R.N. and M.) at the 1st tee

Above : Sqdr.-Leader Boumphrey (R.A.F.) and Fl.-Officer G. Humphries (R.A.F.) discuss their chances



Sea v. Air at Sunningdale

The R.A.F. play the Royal Navy and Marines

The Passing Picture Show

"We Have the Men . . ."

By Sydney Tremayne

. . . And if "shots" in film studios count, we have the guns. The ammunition, according to all the people in the film industry, has to be gold, or whatever ingeniously decorated paper represents money.

Hollywood discovered the scenic heroism of English actors, but, with the exception of Diana Wynyard, has not done so well with English actresses.

Curiously enough, in spite of their phenomenal success in Hollywood, the return of the male stars, already scintillating, to their native shores, does not seem to have sent blood to the head in the British casting offices.

Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton have returned to stage work. Karloff, who has been so long out of England as to be scarcely English, and is only visiting this country, is working on a film for Gaumont-British, *The Ghoul*, in which his acknowledged mastery of make-up is once more requisitioned. Claude Allister, another revenu, is also a recruit at Shepherd's Bush. He is playing with Ivor Novello, Madeleine Caroll and Kay Hammond in *Love and Let Love*, under the direction of Anatol Litwak, who made *Tell Me To-Night*, an excellent picture which missed spectacular success in the "West End" of London, but played to packed houses in Greater London and the provinces.

Gaumont-British believe in the star system. They have signed on Madeleine Carroll for three years, and in her recent photographs, both still and moving, she certainly looks more like the genuine article than ever before. Evelyn Laye, mysteriously transformed by Hollywood, and recently hovering between that glorious and golden sophistication and the simple charm of her pre-Californian period, is delicious in appearance and vocalisation in *Waldenstein*, the unattractively titled adaptation, by Pack Herbert, of Strauss's opera, *Die Fledermaus*.

Jessie Matthews has become an English star and has many followers. And then where do we go for "honey and stuff"? Hollywood has not "discovered" feminine stars for us, and we seem incapable of finding them and "grooming" them for ourselves. Joan Barry? Betty Stockfeld? Anne Grey? None of these girls appear, as yet, as "world-beaters." Jill Esmond, returned from Hollywood, was charming in a rather wretched part in *F.P.I.*, opposite the redoubtable Conrad Veidt, but no English film actress has really proved herself capable of competition with the Hollywood galaxy, the Bennetts, the Garbos, the Dietrichs. . . .

Obviously, since many of the greatest American stars have been imported, it is largely a question of exploitation, casting and direction. We have, at last, in England, the camera-men, the directors, the technical equipment and, they tell me, the money necessary for perfect film production. Evidently, we have the men—but have we the girls, who must form a contingent of any victorious army in the combat for filmic omnipotence? The answer would be "yes" if the men responsible for casting and direction had the seeing eye.

England has produced the best choruses in the world (The Tiller Girls, Cochran's "Young Ladies") but Englishmen seem to be so frightened of a tête-à-tête that while their mass standard is so high, they are shy of individual exploitation.

For film stars they are still raking the stage with a fine tooth-comb. Many of the girls who have been given a chance of stardom, and have taken it, in America had little or no stage experience.

There is one thing enormously in favour of an independent and comparatively small production unit in England, Sound City, at Shepperton. They are out to discover and develop fresh talent and new themes. Their last completed picture, *The Gilded Cage*, made from a story by Lady Troubridge, which appeared in *Britannia and Eve*, will be shown shortly by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the Empire. The hero's part, that of a fascinating reception clerk in an hotel, is taken by Anthony Kimmins, ex-naval officer and playwright. If he lacks emotional elasticity, it may nevertheless be a surprise that his diction is not inferior to that of such an experienced actor as Frank Cellier, who is also in the cast. Anne Grey, Junoesque and static in type, reduced, for screen purposes, to something approaching gauntness, and cast in *The Gilded Cage* as a superior and respectable gold-digging "vamp," not sufficiently alluring temperamentally or sartorially, has had considerable experience, in British films, and much encouragement from the Press, but a girl called Gillian Sand, who, in spite of a spectacular début in *To What Red Hell*, has been strangely neglected by the producers, stands out in this picture by virtue, not so much of her undoubted photogenic beauty, but because of an intangible emotional quality and expressiveness, both vocal and facial, which enables her to imbue a comparatively slight characterisation with sympathetic enchantment.

Anthony Kimmins, ex-naval officer, and author of "While Parents Sleep," is playing lead as an hotel reception clerk in "The Golden Cage" at the Empire

Gillian Sand, the young and beautiful English actress, who plays sympathetically and effectively in the Sound City Production, "The Golden Cage," and has already shown exceptional talent in emotional rôles on the stage and the screen

On the Agenda

The Débutantes' Ball: Some of the Junior Committee

Miss Diana Van den Bergh

The Lady Helen Stewart

Miss Esther Thomson

The Débutantes' Ball, which took place last night at Grosvenor House, had a very strong Junior Committee, and deserved all its success. It was in aid of the Actors' Orphanage

Miss Ann Lewis

Miss Marie Symons-Jeune

Miss Betty Halliwell Rogers

Miss Isobel McLean

Lord and Lady Londonderry's third daughter, Miss Isobel McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh's only child, and the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, are four well-known ex-debs who helped with the Débutantes' Ball. Also on the Junior Committee were Miss Peta Davis, Mr. Cyril Davis's only child, Lady Halliwell Rogers's daughter, Miss Ann Lewis, who is Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Lewis's daughter, and Miss Esther Thomson, whose brother, G. L. Thomson, is the Cambridge rowing Blue

Left:
Miss Peta Davis

Photographs by Bertram Park, Yevonde and Yevonde Gregory

Helen Hayes

who plays lead in the première of the film, "A Farewell to Arms," which was given at the Carlton Theatre last week

If Gossip We Must . . .

Winston on England—St. George's Day—Foreign Stratford—"Oggy the Pu"—The Embassy Reopens

THERE is such a place as England and such a race as the English. Sometimes one would never think so. It is characteristic that it has been left for a man with American blood in his veins to point out the fact.

One of the most invigorating evenings I have spent of late was at the St. George's Day dinner of the Royal Society of St. George, with Mr. Winston Churchill proposing the toast of England. The dinner was actually held the day after St. George's Day, which fell on a Sunday, for even yet, in this not very free and not very merrie country, there are some people who frown at cakes and ale on the Sabbath.

But Mr. Churchill's fine words made up for lost time. Many call Mr. Churchill an apostle of Jingoism. He is none the worse for that. Those who attack Jingoism most fiercely obviously have not studied the words of the old ditty on which it was based. For that began, "We don't *want* to fight, but . . ."

Surely, there is nothing criminal in being unwilling to fight, but determined to make a good job of it if one has to. Yet your Socialist-Pacifist regards Jingoism as the creed of the devil.

I WOULD like some of this gang, whose motto is always "Anybody else's country, right or wrong," to have heard Winston.

"England is not a bad country to live in. . . . Here no one questions the fairness of the courts of law or justice. No one thinks of persecuting a man on account of his religion or his race. Everyone (except the criminal) looks upon the policeman as the friend and servant of the public. Here we provide for poverty and misfortune with more compassion, in spite of all our burdens, than any other country. . . . This ancient, mighty London is still the financial centre of the world.

"More than eighty per cent. of the British casualties of the war were English. More than eighty per cent. of the taxation is paid by the English taxpayers."

Hear, and again Hear!

MUCH of the national virtue can, of course, be spread over what we know as Great Britain. But when St. George's Day comes round, it is permissible to mention that part of the United Kingdom which is so rarely mentioned.

Every Scot gets all excited about St. Andrew's Day and a nicht wi' Bur-r-ns, and wears thistles in his beard on the slightest provocation. "Gallant little Wales" sports its leeks and its tenors and dairymen and Pisgah heights. Ireland—it is usually "Ould Oireland" on State occasions—is looked after by its citizens, who put a sprig of shamrock in their lapels, the shamrock-wearers also including at least 200,000 who are no more Irish than the Rajah of Bong.

BUT England? Well, roses are dear and scarce on April 23rd. But I do not think that is the real reason we see so few of them. The cause is the Englishman's dislike of advertisement, equalled only by his willingness to let others advertise themselves at his expense.

This may be a virtue. But it can be carried too far.

EVEN Shakespeare, born on St. George's Day, and an *Englishman*, we internationalise. We build at Stratford-upon-Avon a strange gasometer of a theatre which, whatever its merits, is about as German in appearance as it could possibly be.

There was talk of getting Professor Reinhardt, late of Germany, to produce plays there during the Festival. That scheme did not come off; but we had *Macbeth* acted under the direction of an eccentric Russian gentleman, with strips of aluminium as décor and the whole thing an ultra-modern nightmare.

I fully expect to see at Stratford in the near future *Henry V.* played by a

Japanese in American cloth, and the mighty " This England " speech in *Richard II.* spoken in Esperanto by a vegetarian Communist from the Caucasus.

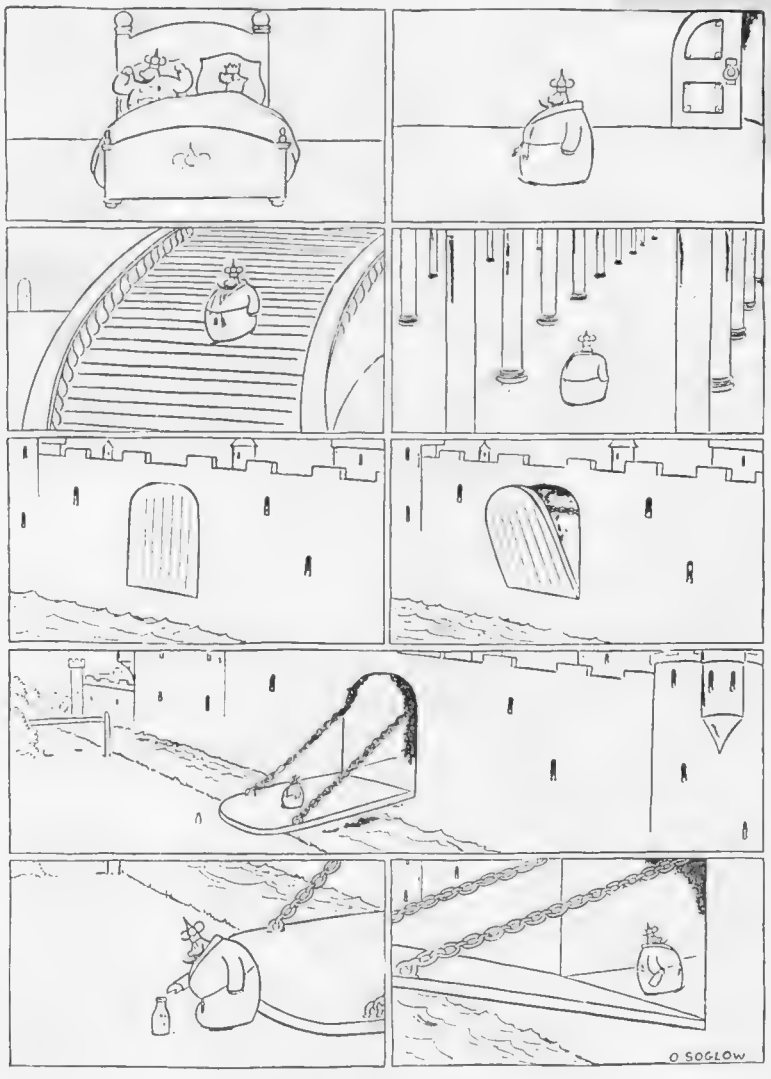
THE curious aftermath of the Russian trial, by the way, has been the tendency, not only in Red or even Pink quarters, to regard the Ogpu as something as lovable as Smee. Indeed, there seems to be a feeling that some sort of apology should be made to its kindly officials.

They are such simple, child-like souls. Mr. A. A. Milne should write of them in his most whimsical vein, and provide a companion for his Winnie in the form of an elfish little creature called Oggy the Pu, who haunts prisons and plays ever such picturesque pranks with toy thumb-screws.

THE " Boorjwarzee " turned up in full force at the reopening of the Embassy Club in its redecorated form. It is just three years, by the way, since Luigi died, and even now I can never visit the place without expecting him to come along to the table and talk of the wine and offer to toss for fivers. Those were spacious days.

Talking of wine, I was glad to find a champagne rosé. This was not the Veuve Clicquot 1911 rosé, which Luigi got from the late Duke of Beaufort, though it was almost as good. That wonderful Clicquot has all gone years ago. Luigi told me he had the greatest difficulty in selling it, for people were terrified lest *other* people should think they were drinking sparkling burgundy. Such is snobbery.

As a matter of fact, a vast number of men at the more exclusive dance-clubs nowadays drink whisky-and-soda. And very good judges, too.



Here He Is Again!

Dorothy Wilding

Ann Todd

the clever young actress who takes the part of Mary Howard in " When Ladies Meet," a comedy by Rachel Crothers, which was produced with a fine cast at the Lyric Theatre last week

THE Embassy's new colour scheme is a delicate green with plenty of looking-glass, and a light from the roof " which never was on land or sea." It makes the knives look blue, but not the guests.

On this more or less gala occasion the place was so full that the space for dancing was reduced to about the size of a chess-board. An Oriental potentate, or potentatelet, had a large party at a long centre table, and the battle with the rival establishment in Orange Street is being successfully fought.

IT is not my province to say whether *Crime on the Hill*, the new production at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is a good or bad play. The reception, by a decidedly non-Hitlerish audience, was certainly rapturous.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Basil Foster's curtain speech that this experiment of introducing cinema methods into theatrical production marked " Progress."

There is no reason why the cinema should not be used to help stage methods. I would like to see the cinema help out Wagner, who frequently gave stage-directions which are impossible to carry out without it. But in this case, the cinema touch was a bore, and hindered rather than helped.

THE average first-night audience, though not absolutely weighed down to the dust with brains, is quite intelligent enough to follow the course of a conventional crime " thriller " without having a loud-speaker blaring at it during the intervals, when most of it wants to wander in the corridors and to have a drink and all that sort of thing. Nor do we want illusion spoiled by seeing at odd moments running sentences

Walter Bird

Psyche

the English dancer, who has already made a name for herself in Milan and elsewhere on the Continent, is the star in Carl Hyson's "Grosvenor Gaieties," on view at Grosvenor House

flashed on the scenery, after the fashion of news-bulletins in Trafalgar Square.

TALKING of first-nights, many people will miss that constant and very picturesque attendant, Mrs. Lionel Harris, who has died after a long illness. She was a youngish woman, but she had white hair, done in an elaborate coiffure, and she resembled an eighteenth-century marquise or even Marie Antoinette herself.

If that was a pose, it was her only one, for she was as sincere and unaffected as she was brilliantly intelligent. An American by birth, she was naturally hospitable, and her dinner-parties and lunch-parties, in her house just off Grosvenor Square, were looked forward to by those who like witty conversation to accompany the efforts of a first-class chef.

BUT, unlike not a few American women who descend on London, Mrs. Harris was not merely a social butterfly. She did not take so prominent a part in politics as Lady Astor; but she was just as keen, and was without that unfortunate knack of rubbing people up the wrong way. On the platform at election times she could hold her own with a heckling audience.

During the war she spoke at recruiting meetings, but was not content with merely asking other people to do things. She put in a lot of hard and very dull work with the Food Control, and fully earned her O.B.E.

Walter Bird

Queenie Leonard

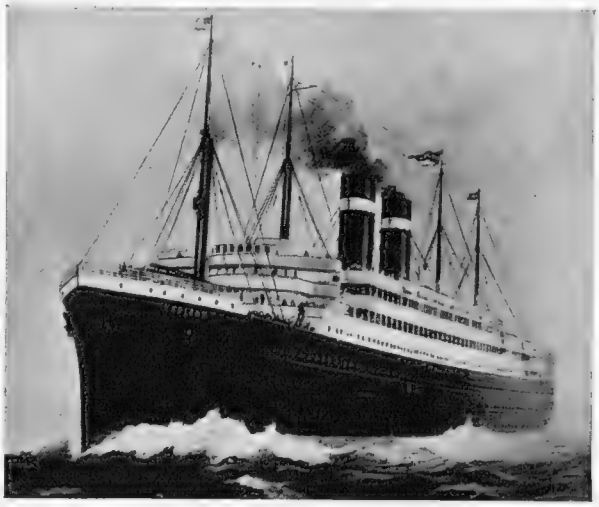
the cabaret artist, who is appearing in André Charlot's revue entitled "How D'You Do?" at the Comedy Theatre

THE position of Mr. Jacob Epstein towards publicity seems to be akin to that of Miss Greta Garbo and Sir James Barrie. That is to say, a habitual aversion from being in the limelight seems to go hand-in-hand with an ability to achieve an unconscionable degree of it. It is a most useful attribute, which thousands must envy.

MR. EPSTEIN, whose sincerity I do not doubt, is constantly declaring that his aim is not sensationalism but sculpture. Yet how it is possible to execute the sculptures he does without either one's tongue in one's cheek or a desire pour epater les bourgeois I do not know. The Leicester Galleries, which recently housed the grave dignity of James Pryde's grey arches and lofty rooms, are now given over to Epstein masterpieces at their very Epsteinest.

VAST masses of near-humanity in stone, beside which Mr. Aubrey (*King Kong*) Hammond is a mere pigmy, have been collected together. Frankly, they are amazing. It is easy to be flippant about them. It is much less easy to find any purpose, any beauty (with that department, I imagine, the artist is not concerned), or, indeed, any quality in them but the heavy grotesque.

"PRIMEVAL Gods" is the label of one mighty bas-relief. For that bas-relief I cannot, with sincerity, offer much thanks. Yet it will doubtless serve as another weighty step in Jacob's ladder to fame.



The s.s. Lapland, which, on June 17th, will start from London on a "Bystander" cruise for Madeira, Las Palmas, and Teneriffe. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, or the usual agencies

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 11.—Some Screen Stars

CLARK GABLE

NOT many of us who are dark
Can charm and fascinate like Clark,
Because, alas! we are not able
To make love à la Mr. Gable.

ZASU PITTS

Miss Zasu Pitts
Always seems sad as can be.
She never does the splits,
Sings funny songs or hits
The high spots making whoopee.
Why should she though? For it is true
She earns lots of gold by looking "blue."

GEORGE ARLISS

"The First Gentleman of the Screen"
(Vide the Warner Brothers' ads.);
Never plays "drunks" or gangster lads,
But he is frequently seen
Portraying millionaires and kings,
Proud Indian rajahs, famous
British statesmen, aged philanthropists and other
Very, VERY high-class things.

JANET GAYNOR

Janet Gaynor's adored by those
Who like life when it's couleur de rose
And that is why we've so often seen her
As the reigning Queen of Saccherina.

EDDIE CANTOR

Can Eddie manage to make us laugh?
Not half!
Is Cantor cute at the comic biz?
He is!

B. W.

A Fair Exchange

Marguerite Churchill Comes to England

Photographs Sasha

Marguerite Churchill, the lovely American actress and film star, has just arrived in London for six weeks' holiday, so the exchange is very much in favour of England at the moment. Marguerite Churchill started her career in the New York Theatre, where, among other parts, she played that of Paula Jordan in "Dinner at Eight," the part Margaret Vines takes at the Palace. She started film work in 1928, and has a long list of screen successes to her credit

The Hon. Sheila Berry. By Gerald Kelly, R.A.

Miss Betty Baron on Freckles. By A

". . . With Other Fashionable

Mrs. T. B. Darley. By G. Spencer Watson, R.A.

Left : Miss Greenwood Martin By Flor

Right : Mi Tandy as in " Childr form." By Coo

Portraits of the Year in the Royal Academy

WITH the Private View at Burlington House, the Season proper begins, and the Academy takes its place as one of London's dinner-table topics of conversation. Here are some of the portraits that people will be talking about: landmarks among the serried ranks of pictures which catch and hold the eye. When someone asks "Did you see So-and-so?" the reply may be, "Oh, yes; it was quite near the portrait of ——" and they recall one of these. And, of course, there are people who go to the Academy to see the pictures, as well as to be able to talk about them

Right:
The Viscountess Castlerosse in Eighteenth-Century Riding Dress. By Sir John Lavery, R.A.

A. J. Munnings

Topics such as Pictures . . ."

Mrs. A. Coningham. By W. G. de Glehn, R.A.

ss Charlotte (Mrs. Broones). ora Lion

liss Jessica Manuela ren in Uni- A. Egerton oper

Copyright Reserved for Owners by Royal Academy Illustrated

"... With My Guitar ..."

A Lovely Débutante of the Year

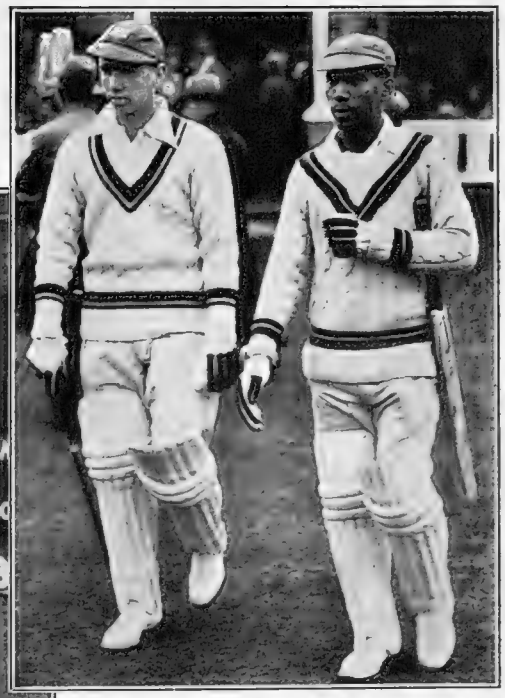
Miss Primrose Phyllis Salt is one of the loveliest débutantes of 1933, and will be presented at one of the early Courts. Her father, Major-General H. F. Salt, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has commanded the Territorial Army Air Defence Formations since 1931, and is a brother of Sir Thomas Salt; her mother is the daughter of the late Major E. D. Cameron, R.F.A.

Photographs by Yevonde

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Our West Indian Visitors

Bat and Ball at the "Bat and Ball"



Above: L. Barrow and C. A. Roach going out to bat for the West Indies in their first match against "Tich" Freeman's Team at Gravesend. Left: Some of Freeman's XII. going out to field, including A. W. G. Hadingham, W. H. Levett (wicket-keeper), R. A. Buckland, A. G. Hazlerigg, last year's Cambridge Captain, C. S. Marriott, Sheffield, the ex-Surrey bowler given a two months' trial by Kent, and "Tich"—we beg his pardon—A. P. Freeman himself

It would be an exaggeration to say that the cricket season opens in earnest to-day, but at least it opens. Yorkshire stretch their muscles at Oxford, where they put the University through their paces; Sussex perform the same kind office for Cambridge; M.C.C. give Surrey a trial run at Lord's; the Club Cricket Conference begin their match against the West Indians, and the serious business of the County Championship starts with the game between Notts and Worcestershire. From now on, in short, our morning newspaper becomes interesting.

As a matter of fact, one relatively important fixture has already taken place—the first match of the West Indian tour, when our visitors played A. P. Freeman's Team on the delightful Bat and Ball Ground at Gravesend. For my sins, I was there, and bitterly cold it was, so that perhaps it would be unfair to criticise the tourists unduly.

There was, however, one thing I could not help noticing, and that was the way the West Indians shaped to the spin-bowling of Freeman and Marriott. There is no doubt that they have learnt a thing or two since they were last here in 1928, and it may be that they found their recent visit to Australia exceedingly instructive.

Their batsmen, at any rate, are now craftsmen in the modern sense. No more do they crack the ball outside the off-stump gaily through the covers, as if cricket were a game and every ball potentially worth four runs. They know better than that; the right foot moves across to cover the wicket against the break back; the bat is politely raised; the ball lodges innocuously in the wicket-keeper's hands. No more do they jump out and thump the slow spin-bowlers as they should be thumped; they play back and cover up with two-eyed rectitude.

Possibly the cold had something to do with this studied defence, and it may be that if we have any summer the warmth will bring out the real forcing strokes. Anyway, I am not criticising the West Indians, but simply noting the fact that they have acquired the technique which recognises the legs as a second line of defence.

It is not a technique which is pleasing, nor is it, to my mind, a style of play calculated to preserve the finest qualities of batsmanship. This covering-up, nevertheless, is a generally accepted principle to-day, and, as a natural development under the existing l.b.w. rule, it was, we must admit, inevitable.

Because it was inevitable, however, we need not assume that it is either harmless or immutable. Indeed, I think most good judges are agreed that the use of the legs to defeat the art of the bowler is entirely contrary to the spirit of cricket, and that an alteration in the l.b.w. rule is essential. There is strong feeling on the subject just now, for it is generally realised that the so-called body-line bowling controversy is the direct outcome of the modern style of batsmanship, and that the only sure way of preventing trouble in the future is to give orthodox bowling a chance by making this wretched pad-play unprofitable.

But to leave the general for the particular, I think we shall discover a little later in the season that these West Indian cricketers are very well worth watching. To begin with, they will probably make a heap of runs, and make them quite attractively. They do not appear to have another Constantine, though Martindale, their fastest bowler, shows signs of being able to hit the ball with becoming ferocity. They are, I should say, definitely a sounder batting side than the Indians who were over here last year, and if Headley finds his true form, our bowlers will have to work hard.

At a guess, based on entirely insufficient evidence, my prophecy is that Headley, Da Costa, Barrow, Merry, and Roach will be somewhere near the top of the West Indian batting averages, but it is not easy even to guess about the bowling.

Martindale, a heavy-shouldered individual, is clearly a pretty quick one, for he gets his body behind his delivery, and appears to have reasonable control. I was also rather impressed by Valentine, who is tall, and sends the ball down with a supple arm from his full height. Griffiths struck me as little more than a useful stock bowler, and Achong, a left-handed spin-merchant, appeared to be fairly harmless. Da Costa is a steady medium-paced right-hander—but, on the whole, the West Indian attack has not yet shaped at all dangerously.

Still, these are early days, and it may be that when June comes along there will be a very different story to tell. In the meanwhile, we can be certain that the West Indians are a lively, interesting, and enthusiastic team.

Books of the Week

A Happy Warrior: By "Ericus"

I THINK it was Mr. Ian Hay who expressed the pleasant fancy that our outposts of Empire should, in token of gratitude, be embellished with a series of monuments to "the girl at home who married somebody else." Manchuria might well take a leaf out of his book and erect a statue of a British suburban bread-winner, hatted, gloved and umbrella-ed, all set for his daily dash for the eight-ten. For it was the horror of this multiple image that drove Major-General F. A. Sutton, M.C., to seek respite in the back-blocks of Siberia and deposited him, more recently, in the grateful arms of Chang-Tso-Lin, War Lord of Mukden. Previous to this last happy event, a whole gamut of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes had befallen the General; matters which he recounts with a wealth of humour and picturesque detail in *One Arm Sutton* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

THE termination of the Great War found the author minus his right arm and plus a considerable technical knowledge of gunnery and explosives, a thorough peace-time grounding in Civil Engineering and an infectious confidence in his ability to lick the world with one hand. With these, a gold-dredger, and an enormous cargo of merchandise, he arrived in Siberia, in November, 1919, in quest of gold. The gold-dredging was not a success, owing to the endless difficulties he experienced at the hands of local obstructionists, but, as a gunnery expert, he was hailed with enthusiasm by the Soviet Commissars, an enthusiasm he put to excellent financial use by unloading his stores on them in return for a goodly portion of the Tsarist bullion reserve. His dealings with these people go to make an uproariously amusing story, but furnish at the same time a scathing indictment of a contemptible community, ignorant, incompetent, and graft-ridden from top to bottom. With the collapse of their finances, the General sought pastures new for the exploitation of his ingenuity: 1922 found him at Hankow demonstrating his newly completed version of a Stokes Mortar to Marshal Wu-Pei-Fu, and diplomatically restraining that enthusiast from trying it out on his own fellow-citizens. His next move was to the Yangtse province, where he took service, as Lord High Armourer, with Yang-Sen, another of the innumerable War Lords of the period, encountered further diverting experiences of Oriental artifice, and withstood a sensational siege from a rival War Lord, barely escaping from the province with his life. Which brings him finally to Chang-Tso-Lin and the promise of adventures yet to come, a prospect which the reader of this engaging book will hail with delight. I can only hope that Major-General Sutton will have some more adventures—and recount them.

Swaebe

Above: at the first night of "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman": Miss Hilda Vaughan, the author of the novel from which the play is taken, and Mr. Laurier Lister, who wrote the dramatised version in collaboration with the late Miss Dorothy Massingham

Right: Miss Peggy Evans, the daughter of Mr. Charles Evans, Chairman of the House of Heinemann, is a 1933 débutante, and is being presented at one of this month's Courts

SCANDINAVIA is prolific in novelists if we may judge by her recent output. But that, as Mr. Flannagan—or is it Mr. Allen?—would remark, has nothing to do with it; the author I am considering at the moment being a Dane. Mr. Johannes V. Jernsen's historical romance, *The Fall of the King* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), deals with that period of Scandinavian history directed and controlled by the Danish king, Christian II., a megalomaniac with the virtues and the failings of his kind. The story, which is told in a series of incidents, centres round the lowly Mikkell, who starts as a destitute student, goes for a soldier, and henceforward finds his destiny linked, through good times and bad, with his imperious sovereign. Mr. Jernsen presents his characters and his incidents cleanly and vigorously, his account of the Stockholm massacre providing an unforgettable picture of the ruthlessness of the times. He shows also a delicate appreciation for the beauties of his native country-side. But he is not so happy in his period, which remains strangely inanimate, nor is he greatly concerned with the extreme improbability of some of his coincidences.

I HAVE only previously met Mr. C. Lloyd Jones in lighter vein, but his new novel, *Laughter In Heaven* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), demonstrates that he can manipulate the loud stop of tragedy with the best of them. Not that this is a study in shadows—far from it—but it has moments of intense emotional quality, of which the murder of Sally's parents during the Civil War in Ireland is an excellent example. Otherwise, the story is conventional enough. An unhappy marriage, a tertium quid, an amorous commercial magnate and a happy ending. But it is relieved by the skilful handling of its situations and the endearing qualities of its two main characters. Sally is a particularly and poignantly attractive young person.

IT isn't often that you can say of a detective yarn, "I guessed the criminal almost at once, and yet I enjoyed every moment of it." Nevertheless, that was my reaction to Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *The Captain's Curio* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Although in the alibi-sorting process a loophole is left, through which the amateur elucidator could drive a carriage and pair, Mr. Phillpotts, by sheer craftsmanship, keeps you so engrossed in his tale of a murder in a Devon village that your guilty knowledge makes not the slightest difference to your enjoyment. As you would expect from so versatile a writer, this is a first-rate story, far above the average of its class.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

THESE two smart walking costumes come from Jaeger's: the left-hand figure wears a full length navy blue coat with stiffened shoulders, fluted sleeves and a wide belt, and the right-hand one wears a navy blue coat and skirt with puffed sleeves and a fitted waistline held by a novel clip. Unfortunately you cannot see the back, which has two coquettish little box pleats in the basque of the coat. The blouse of white silk with the bow also comes from Jaeger's

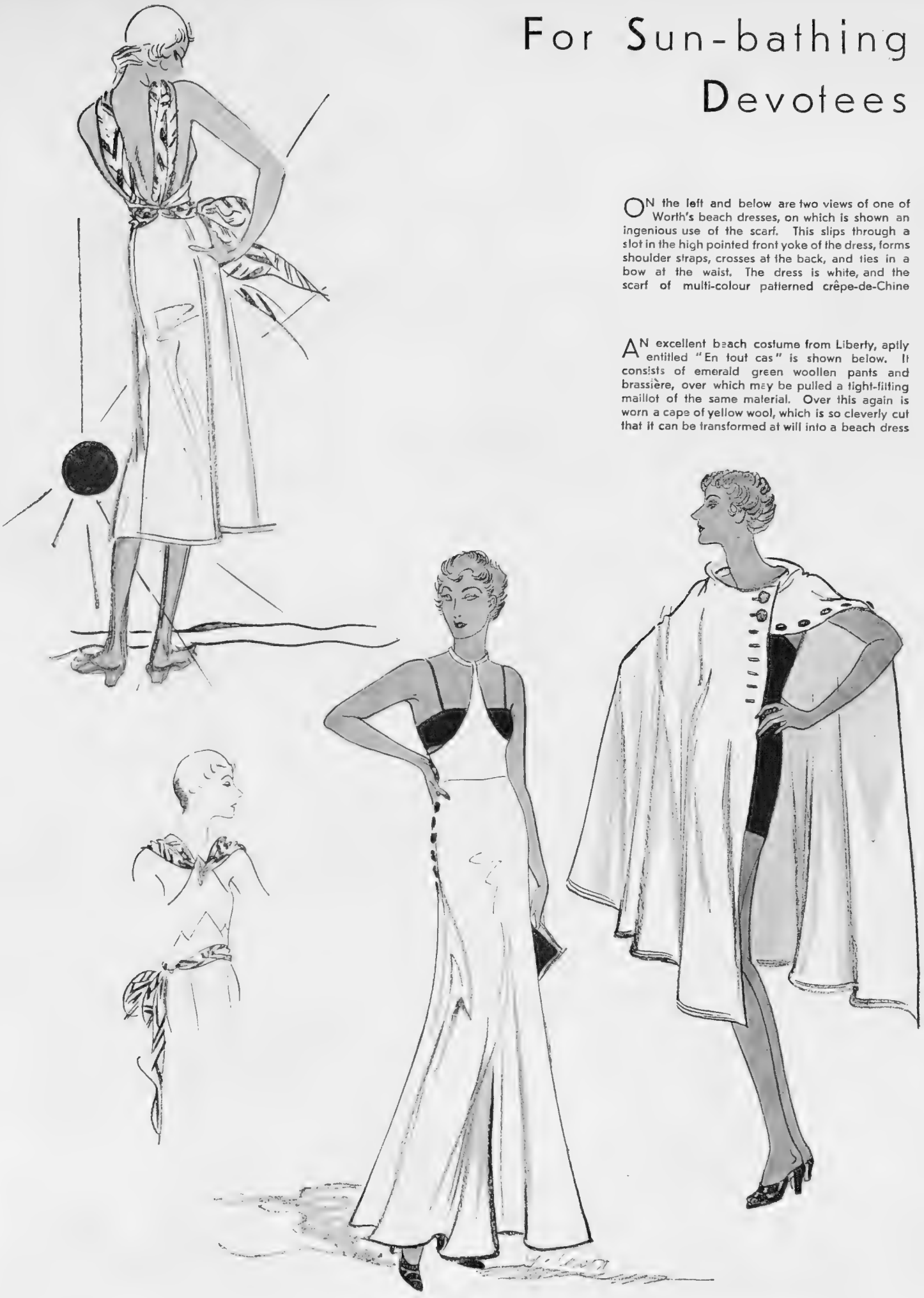
When Ashore or Afloat

ABOVE is shown one of the new backless beach dresses, which has a front view as demure as its back is startling. It is carried out in red or blue and white check gingham and is extremely attractive. This is one of several equally good models to be found at H. J. Nicoll

ON the left is a really excellent pair of trousers with a high waistline held by a single button. This is a Lyolène model which is copied by H. J. Nicoll in a brown or navy blue ribbed woollen material for 3 guineas. They show innumerable little gingham blouses or striped jerseys to accompany it

For Sun-bathing Devotees

ON the left and below are two views of one of Worth's beach dresses, on which is shown an ingenious use of the scarf. This slips through a slot in the high pointed front yoke of the dress, forms shoulder straps, crosses at the back, and ties in a bow at the waist. The dress is white, and the scarf of multi-colour patterned crêpe-de-Chine

AN excellent beach costume from Liberty, aptly entitled "En tout cas" is shown below. It consists of emerald green woollen pants and brassière, over which may be pulled a tight-fitting maillot of the same material. Over this again is worn a cape of yellow wool, which is so cleverly cut that it can be transformed at will into a beach dress

Major A. Whitley Laverack, Hon. Sec. E.G.U. enjoys a really good joke with Comdr. E. W. Malcolm King, R.N., Secretary of Ganton Golf Club

Rex Hartley (Chislehurst) with G. F. Strange (Buxton and High Peak), who took their match to the eighteenth green. Hartley won by one hole after a great match

E. L. H. Turner (Leicestershire) at the first tee. They met in the first

W. C. Carr (Walton Heath) on his way to the first tee. He got through the first round

Above: H. Fogg (Royal Liverpool) with L. Bentley (Hesketh), French Amateur Champion

Above: Bernard Darwin, the famous golfer and author, talking to Andrew McNair

Right: G. Baynton (Blackwell) and J. H. Thompson (Hunstanton). Thompson beat Baynton 2 and 1 in the first round

and J. A. Stout (Ganton) waiting round and Stout won by 7 and 6

Above: J. G. de Forest (Addington) and E. H. Potter (Rothewall) going to the sixteenth green

Above: Dr. A. C. Barker (Hull) with Eric Fiddian the holder (Stourbridge), to whom he lost by 2 and 1

The Royal and Ancient Game at Ganton

Personalities in the English Championships

Above: R. C. East (Harborne) with L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle). The latter won, but lost in Round 2

Below: Dale Bourne (Sunningdale) and Alan S. Newey (Moseley)

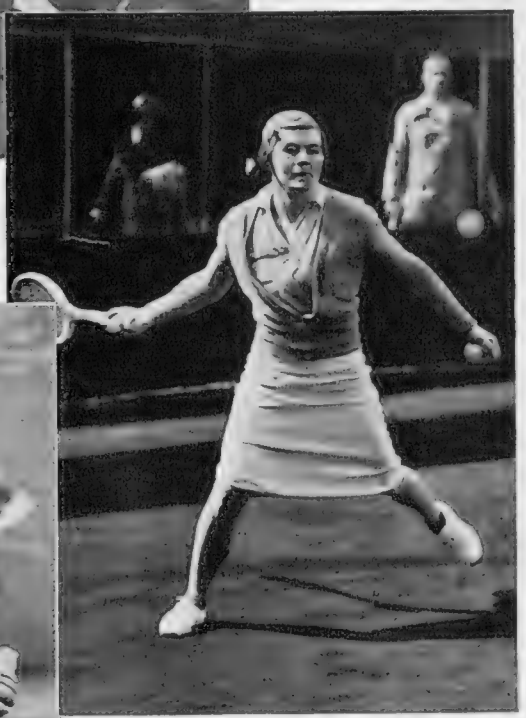
Left: A. C. Dawson (Harrogate) and F. Rowland (Basingstoke) waiting at the first tee. Rowland won a close match by one hole

After the Ball: Lawn Tennis in Full Swing

Senora Pons, Champion of Spain, ana winner of the Chiswick Hard Court Tournament, with her partner, the veteran M. Temple, at the I.C. Spring Meeting

The Surrey team which defeated Yorkshire by six—nil in the Hard Court Championship. L. to r., Miss M. E. Nonweiler, Mrs. H. Martin, Miss Southwell, Mrs. S. K. Edwards, Miss B. Feltham, Miss A. M. Yorke, and Miss B. Nuthall, captain of the team

Miss M. C. Scriven, winner of the Felixtowe Singles, in play with C. R. D. Tuckey in the I.C. Mixed Doubles Meeting at Woodcote Park. Tuckey is the Army Champion and a potential Davis Cup player



Miss J. Ingram, who competed in the Felixstowe Tournament, when she was beaten by the ultimate winner, Miss M. C. Scriven. She was also runner-up in the Mixed and Ladies' Doubles

Miss Sheila Hewitt, one of the most promising players of the younger school, who has had many successes on the Riviera, played in the I.C. Mixed Doubles

Keeping an Eye on the Ball

Left: Miss A. E. L. McOstrich, who reached the final of the Chiswick Hard Court Tournament when she was beaten by Senora Pons in three close sets

The Great Western Railway has created an airway from South Wales to South Devon, its six-seater Westland "Wessex" machines operating twice a day in each direction from Cardiff to Teignmouth and Torquay. Our picture shows an interested party of business men inspecting the air-liner at Cardiff

Official Support for Air Routes : By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Post Office and Air Mails

AFTER many years of comparative indifference to the success or otherwise of our Imperial Air Mail facilities, the Postmaster-General announced in a speech before the Royal Empire Society that an attempt is to be made to popularise these services. By means of posters and Press advertisements, an endeavour will be made to acquaint a wider public with the fact that India is but seven days distant, and South Africa can be reached in ten days. Australia, Burma, and the Federated Malay States will be linked directly with England by a weekly air service towards the end of this year, after which the trans-Atlantic connection with Canada will be the final trunk line for organisation. Not only does an air-mail service produce revenue to offset subsidy, but, by its use, business people become familiar with the details of the line and are encouraged to travel by air when a personal visit supersedes correspondence.

Saving a Day to Cape Town

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS has decided to speed up the African service, saving a day in each direction, so that ten days will be the elapsed time between terminal airports in future, instead of eleven. On the way south, the night halt at Wadi Halfa is eliminated, the 1200-mile stage between Cairo and Khartoum being flown in one day, this saving being kept up throughout so that Cape Town is reached on Saturdays instead of Sundays. The plans for the north-bound flight are slightly different. Wadi Halfa is again cut out as a night halt, but the liner will stay at Assuan, passengers and mails leaving the following morning for Cairo, where a change is made to a flying-boat on the Nile for the journey to Alexandria, instead of the train section, which has been used between these two points up till now. Continuing towards England, the flying-boat will not halt at Athens for the night, the section of 1,000 miles between Alexandria and Brindisi being covered in a day. The Handley-Page "Hannibal" class operates from Cairo to Kisumu, and the Armstrong-Whitworth "Atalanta" type southwards from that point to Cape Town. In our Sixth Annual Flying Number, to be published on May 24th, a special article will appear by a distinguished traveller who has made the return journey to Cape Town by air quite recently.

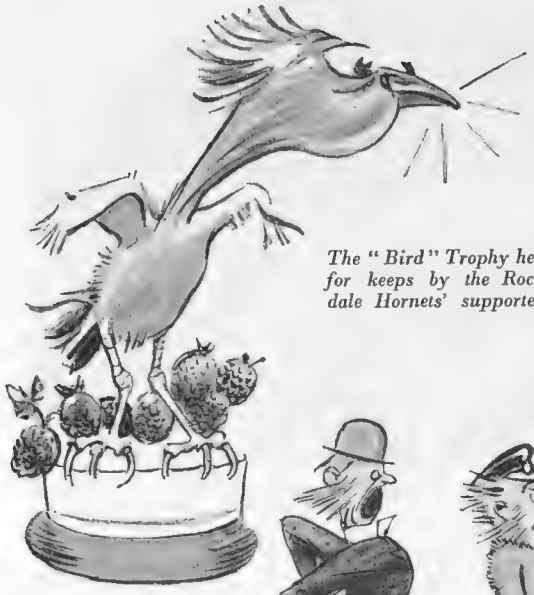
The latest open two-seater, named the "Hawk," at Woodley Aerodrome, Reading, with Mrs. F. G. Miles in the front seat, her husband, who is the designer of the 'plane, behind her, and Mr. C. O. Powis, managing director of the Phillips and Powis organisation, standing at the side. The machine cruises at 100 miles an hour, and is to be sold for less than £400

The International School at Hamble

AIR SERVICE TRAINING has the most comprehensive fleet of aircraft for instruction of any flying school in the world, including, as it does, multi-engined landplanes and flying-boats, in addition to the normal types. The courses available for students include every possible subject that is needed in either military or commercial aviation. Every pilot is taught to fly with an Irving parachute as normal equipment, an example that might be followed with advantage at other centres of training. R.A.F. Reserve pilots are in residence for the spring course, which commenced on the 20th of last month. The "blind flying" apparatus invented at Hamble has been adopted by the R.A.F. for use at the Central Flying School, where Flight-Lieut. Jenkins gave a series of lectures to Service pilots. Marconi wireless is fitted in A.S.T. machines, so that pupils can get air experience during the special wireless course, which has proved most popular. The Prince and Princess of Wurtemburg were recent visitors to the School, and Sir Alliot Verdon Roe, designer of the original Avro training machine, was the guest of honour last month.

Flying at Gravesend

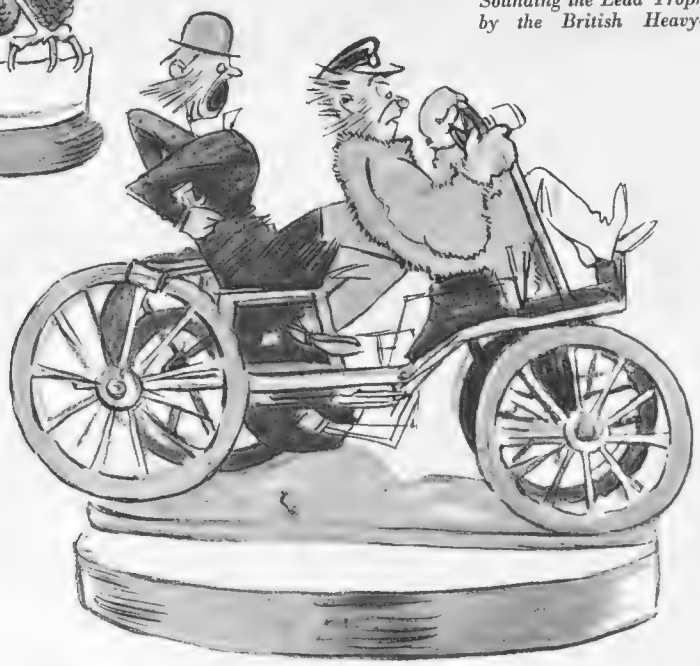
LAST summer, I attended the opening of a new aerodrome at Gravesend—it consisted of several fields of stubble with a barn at one end, in the lee of which one could tether a machine for the night. Last week, I revisited the site and found it complete with hangars and a most up-to-date club-house about to be furnished. The aerodrome itself had been fenced, and much of the ground sown for grass which will be ready for use in a few months. The club building includes offices and is surmounted by a glass-enclosed control-tower, from which a perfect view over the whole of the operating area is obtained. Mr. H. Gooding is the owner of the site, and has been entirely responsible for its rapid development as an airport. Situated well above the level of the river, but sufficiently near to be located easily in bad weather, Gravesend is destined to become a valuable link in the chain of airports which surround London. The German, Dutch, and Belgian air-liners pass over or near it every day, and on several occasions have used it for emergency landings. The landing area must measure at least 800 yards in every direction, and approaches from the air are excellent, with no obstructions on the boundaries. Flight-Lieut. P. H. Smith is chief instructor; Flying-Officer P. S. Cook is in charge of navigation classes; and Mr. T. S. Lofthouse is the chief engineer.



The "Bird" Trophy held for keeps by the Rochdale Hornets' supporters

Sounding the Lead Trophy, held by the British Heavy-weights

The Billingsgate Blasters' Trophy



The Speed Trophy won by the Siegfried Markus Car manufactured in 1875

Left: the 2.30 Stop-Press Fleet Street Trophy

Right: the Ashes brought up to date

Trophies and Relics

We Did Not See at Shell-Mex House

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Championships and the Rake's Progress

Eric McRuvie (East), who beat Jack McLean, seen on his right, in the second annual East and West of Scotland Golf Match

C. D. Harris and his son, J. D. Harris, winners of the Fathers and Sons Golf Tournament held at West Hill Club, Brookwood, Surrey

Above: A. H. Gilligan driving from the first tee when playing for the Cricketers against Worplesdon Golf Club. In circle: A. P. F. Chapman, who also played for the Cricketers

Two Championship Meetings are taking place as I write. The first—and, I suppose, the more important of the two—is the English Amateur Championship, which is being held on the course of the Ganton Club, near Scarborough. The second is the Championship Meeting of the Army Golfing Society, which is being played at Deal.

The English Championship event has aroused perhaps a little more interest than usual this year, as the field is a good one, and includes the six English Walker Cup players of last year, as well as others who have played in these matches, and John de Forest, the present holder of the British Amateur Championship. Unless a surprise is forthcoming, the winner should be found from one of these, but possible "outsiders" are Harry Bentley, J. H. Thompson, T. A. Bourn, or Brig.-General A. C. Critchley. I am sorry that the name of R. L. Burdon Sanderson is not included in the entry, for here, to my mind, is the best golfer of the lot, and although he enters, for most events, from the Nairn Golf Club, he is an Englishman qualified to play for England. As a true Scotsman, I rather dislike giving away this piece of information to the English selectors. However, there it is for what they may think it worth: I know exactly how valuable it is in my opinion. I am also sorry that the name of J. B. Beck is not included in the entry, for here is a very fine golfer playing really well again after a not too-lucky period. However, the interests of business have no doubt interfered with their plans for golf, and they will have plenty of opportunity a little later on in other events to prove their quality.

As a prelude to the English Amateur Championship, there is always held over the same course an event known as the English County Championship. Teams of four players represent each county and play thirty-six holes with a card and pencil. These eight scores are then added up, and the total is the county's score for the event. This year at Ganton, Yorkshire regained the Championship, their four players returning an aggregate of 619, which is the lowest ever made in the event. Yorkshire had won two years ago, and Worcestershire was second county on that occasion, just as they were again this year at Ganton with a total of 627. Lancashire, who were runners-up to Surrey last year, were third, having taken two strokes more, but Surrey, the holders, could this year finish no closer than thirteenth to the winners, with a rather disastrous aggregate of 673. Only one of their players succeeded in breaking eighty, either morning or afternoon, and this was the Amateur Champion, who beat it only by a single stroke in the morning. This solitude, however, must have startled him, for in the afternoon he could not even keep in the eighties, which the others succeeded in doing. The hero of this County Meeting was undoubtedly J. A. Stout, of Yorkshire, and Walker Cup fame, who did a 74 in the morning followed by a 75 in the afternoon,, and was the only player of any side to break 150 for the two rounds. Ganton undoubtedly beat all the other players except for one or two individual rounds. For instance, this year's captain of Cambridge, K. T. Thomson, also of Yorkshire, had a fine morning round of 74, and C. S. Buckley, of the same county, played very steadily for an aggregate of 154, made up of two good rounds of 77. But, on the whole, scores were not so good as they might have been, and I should think that a great many of the players were dissatisfied with their golf and glad that they had been given this preliminary canter of competitive play over the course before they started on the deadly cut-throat business of an Amateur Championship.

Playing golf last week-end on the course of the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough, I was surprised to see a very new-looking rake in a bunker at the very first hole. My astonishment was increased when I discovered that other rakes were lying in bunkers at the second hole, one to each bunker, and I became positively startled on seeing rakes (Query: Snakes?—Ed.) in every bunker at the third hole. My mind was somewhat eased, however, on my partner confirming the presence of these rakes, and we came to the conclusion that the authorities of the West Sussex Golf Club had had what was really an entirely original and very bright new idea. Instead of the smoothing and scraping with the foot in order to replace the sand in a comparative state of suitability for receiving the next victim to the bunker, which everyone has to go through nowadays if he is acquainted with the etiquette of golf, in future at West Sussex it will be extraordinarily simple to remove all traces from the bunker after making as deep foot-marks as one may choose, by taking the rake and erasing all the visible signs of one's presence. I have frequently found myself in deep excavations in the sand made by thoughtless people who have visited the bunker before me and failed to erase their traces; and it is, to say the least of it, annoying. With a rake present, however, the likelihood is that his eyes will remind the player of his obvious duty, and it will be easy to remove all traces of his presence that the player will, no doubt, be more than ready to spare the moment in which to do it. Perhaps at West Sussex the caddies will get into the habit of doing it for you, which will be even better.

I left the course in the evening feeling that I would like to compliment the Club on its progressiveness, but now that I have had time to think it over, there is a nasty snag to the whole matter which has just occurred to me. True, I don't think it forms an insuperable difficulty, for perhaps a local rule could cover the trouble, but one of the rules of golf definitely lays it down that when the ball lies in or touches a hazard, nothing shall be done which can in any way be deemed as improving its lie. A club shall not touch the ground nor shall anything be touched or moved before the player strikes the ball. This rule has certain definitely stated exceptions: these are that the player may place his feet firmly on the ground for the purpose of taking his stance, and that steps or planks placed in a hazard by the Green Committee for access or egress from such hazard may be removed. But it seems to me that if the ball should nestle under a rake, that rake cannot be removed in the absence of a local rule, and in imagination I find it easy to listen to the member who finds himself in such a position. I think this is a point which the Committee of the West Sussex Golf Club would do well to consider.

Left: Sir Henry Birkin and Lord Howe, the two British drivers who were forced to retire in the Monaco Grand Prix Race of a thousand corners

Below: Signor Mussolini driving an Alfa-Romeo at the inauguration of a park at Castel Fusano during the celebration of Italy's tenth year of Fascist régime

The Earl of Cardigan

discusses several

Motoring Problems

IN the course of a recent argument, it occurred to me that, although the ordinary working of a motor-car must be quite well understood by the majority of owners, there are still a few outstanding problems to intrigue the curiosity and imagination of the seeker after motoring knowledge. I do not refer to abstruse scientific and mathematical conundrums, but rather to those little "teasers" of which one says, "Well, I *ought* to know that," while, in fact, being painfully conscious of one's ignorance.

Such a point arose the other day, and had the effect of setting by the ears a gathering of more than ordinarily experienced motorists. The question before the meeting was, at first sight, a very simple one, and concerned the pressure of air inside a pneumatic tyre. Was it a fact, someone had enquired, that this pressure tended to increase when a heavy load was carried in the body of the car?

Naturally, one or two bold spirits rushed in with the obvious answer. "Yes," they said, "clearly, if a tyre is pressed down by extra weight, the pressure of the air inside it must increase. The same amount of air remains; whereas the space in which it is confined has been reduced."

This sounded well; but it was not allowed to pass unchallenged. A directly opposite view was at once put forward by a man whom we all knew both as a practical motorist and an acknowledged expert. "Have any of you," he demanded, "ever taken the tyre pressures of an empty motor-car, and then tested the same tyres after the car has been fully loaded? Make the experiment, my friends, and you will find, on examining the gauge, that there is no difference in pressure whatsoever!"

THIS rejoinder seemed unanswerable; but here I ventured to put forward a suggestion which, like most compromises, satisfied nobody. It was possible, I ventured, that a change of pressure did take place, but that the ordinary pressure gauge—an inaccurate instrument at best—was not sensitive enough to record the presumably slight alteration. To me, this still seems the most likely explanation.

The question is, who was in the right? The point at issue is one which every motorist can readily grasp, and about which there ought not to be such a complete cleavage of opinion. If any well-informed reader can enlighten me, I need not say that I shall be extremely grateful.

THIS problem reminded me of another, concerning which I have pondered, on and off, for quite a long time. My car has mechanically operated brakes, that is to say, brakes which do not work on the admirable hydraulic system. These brakes, at fairly frequent intervals, get out of adjustment. Why is this?

One may say, of course, that it is the nature of such brakes to lose their adjustment but, to me, it would seem more natural for them to remain adjusted. Let me explain what I mean.

Consider first the case of an individual brake-shoe which has a tendency to make contact with the drum too early. This shoe presumably does more work than its fellows, and should, therefore, soon be worn down again to the general level.

Conversely, consider the case of the brake-shoe which tends to make contact with the drum too late, or not at all. This shoe, obviously, does little or no work, and thus should be relatively free from wear. Continual friction, one might expect, would shortly reduce its fellows to a corresponding stature.

In practice, I admit, this is not so; but in what respect is the above reasoning faulty? Why, when one of my brakes begins to "take hold" too vigorously, does it continue so to do, and even, as time goes on, intensifies this evil habit? Is it that wear takes place too slowly in a modern brake-lining to produce the expected levelling process, or is it that other forces are at work upon which I have not reckoned? Again, there ought to be a simple answer; but even experienced motorists may have to think twice in order to supply it.

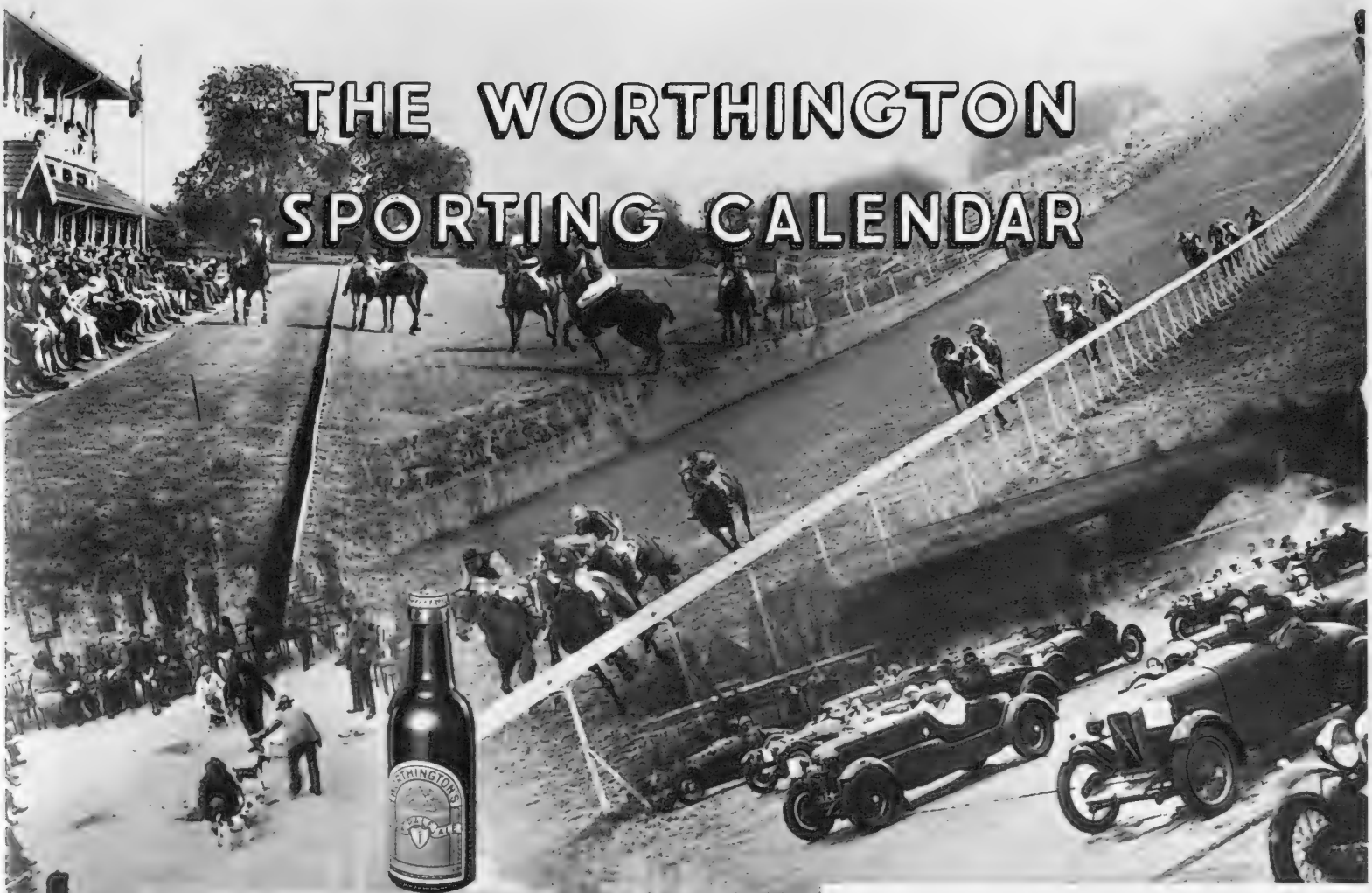
AS a final "teaser," I will propound a problem which, I confess, defeats me utterly. It sometimes happens that I drive an old car with a low-compression engine and with badly spaced gear ratios. I come to a hill, and I change down in the normal manner, into a lower gear. The gradient of the hill then becomes less acute, and I wish to change up again.

Now, if I change up in the ordinary way, the process is so lengthy—occupying perhaps five seconds—that it defeats its own object. I get into top gear, only to be forced, through loss of speed, to change down again. To avoid this, I proceed as follows: Gaining as much speed as possible in the low gear, I keep my foot firmly planted on the accelerator: With a very quick dab, I momentarily withdraw, or rather, ease, the clutch. At the same moment, also with the utmost smartness, I jerk the gear lever straight across into the top gear slot.

WHAT happens? To my perpetual astonishment, there is merely a slight snick, and I find myself proceeding gaily up the remainder of the hill in top gear. The change has been instantaneous, quiet and effective.

This is not in the least what, from my slight knowledge of conventional gear-boxes, I should expect to happen. Theoretically, there ought to be a rending crash, followed by the abrupt disintegration of sundry portions of the maltreated mechanism. It is a fact that this change works—not only for me, but for many drivers who are acquainted with it; but, in the name of reason, why? Personally, I can only visualise the moving parts being so completely "taken by surprise" owing to the swift ruthlessness of the whole manœuvre as to have no time or opportunity for protest! A poor explanation; but can anyone advance a better?

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



MAY, 1933

1st to 10th inclusive

1st MAY DAY.
Bank Holiday, Scotland.
Racing. United Hunts. Lingfield Park & Pershore Stplchs.
Tennis. Amateur Championship Final.
Lawn Tennis. British Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth.
Polo. Season opens. Ranelagh, Hurlingham and Roehampton.
Croquet. Ealing; Woking.
Shows. National Sporting Trophies, Shell Mex House. Exhibition in aid of Dockland Settlements, April 24th to May 6th.

2nd **Racing.** Chester Meeting. Pershore & United Border Hunt (Kelso) Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. British Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth.

3rd **Racing.** Chester. Folkestone, Monmouth and United Border Hunt (Kelso) Steeplechases.
Athletics. London Athletic Club Evening Meeting, White City.
Golf. Ladies v. Men, Beaconsfield.
Shows. Agricultural Show, Royal Dublin Society, Dublin.

4th **Racing.** Chester. Folkestone & Monmouth Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. British Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth.
Shows. Royal Dublin Society Spring Show. Bath Dog Show.

5th **Racing.** Kempton Park and Ripon. Wenlock Stplchs.
Lawn Tennis. British Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth.
Shows. Royal Dublin Society Spring Show.
Athletics. Schools & Youths Championships of Ireland, Dublin.

6th **Racing.** Kempton Park and Ripon. Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. British Hard Court Championships, Bournemouth.
Athletics. National Road Walking Championships.
Cricket. M.C.C. v. Yorkshire, Lord's. Northamptonshire v. West Indies, Northampton.
Shows. Royal Dublin Society Spring Show.
Golf. Men v. Women, Stoke Poges.
Rugby. Rugby League Cup Final, Wembley.
Motoring. J.C.C. International Trophy, Brooklands.
Motor Cycling. "Leinster 200" International Race, Dublin.

8th **Racing.** Uttoxeter and Wye Steeplechases.
Golf. Dunlop-Southport 1,500 Guineas Golf Tournament, Southport. Ladies' International Matches, Gleneagles.
Old Custom. "Furry Dance," Helston, Cornwall.

9th **Racing.** Newmarket, Uttoxeter Steeplechases.
Shows. Great Joint Terrier Champ. Show, Olympia.

10th **Racing.** Newmarket, Newton Abbot Steeplechases. Curragh Meeting, Irish 2,000 Guineas.
Shows. Ladies' Kennel Association, Olympia.

Speedway. Events throughout the country during the month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Mrs. B. Armitage and Mrs. Chadwick

Mrs. D. Noon and Miss Joyce Whitfield

Mrs. Alec Spence and Miss Needham

Competitors in "The Bystander's"
Mrs. G. Rothery, Mrs. O. Jones, Miss

Miss P. Noble, Miss M. Howarth, and Miss C. Rowland, more competitors in "The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Miss J. Cooke and Miss Porter Hargreaves

"The Bystander's" Ladies' Northern

The First Two Days' Play: By

DEAR BYSTANDER—

A DEEP depression may be centred over Iceland—in fact, certain very damp and dark portions of the said depression descended upon Moortown during the first day of THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, but it had absolutely no effect upon the spirits of the competitors and not very much on their golf. I have a theory of my own that people are enjoying their golf more this year because they can afford to play less of it. It may be that, or it may be the absolutely amazing kindness of everybody at Moortown. It may be the extreme openness of the question as to who will win the Cups. But whatever the cause, these are being a particularly cheerful edition of Northern Foursomes, and since I am writing in a temporary blaze of sunshine at the end of the second day, I and all the competitors have almost forgotten how wet we got yesterday.

The morning was not too bad; just a steady drizzle, and a warm one at that, but in the afternoon, between darkness and rain, there was really some difficulty about seeing the pin at those five famous short holes. Pools of casual water, too, appeared by the end of the afternoon, though they had all vanished into the lovely peaty soil by the next morning.

THERE were some desperately good matches in the first round, the only pity being that the ill-luck of the draw had put such a bunch of good couples all together, since Mrs. Bradshaw (who won these Foursomes twice when she played with Miss Rudgard) and Mrs. Dobson were up against Miss Platts, who some people think one of the best of the Yorkshire golfers, though at the moment she is very much out of practice, and Mrs. Philip Lee, of Ringway. Mrs. Bradshaw's side had one stroke, but it was not that so much as Mrs. Bradshaw's beautiful chips which got them home on the last green. Then the Yorkshire teamster, Mrs. Barrett, was beaten by Miss Mary Johnson, who holds the County title, and Miss Barbara Lees, and in the same little section were the back-markers of the whole tournament, Mrs. J. B. Walker, ex-Irish Champion, and Miss Phyllis Lobbett. Miss Lobbett is living in Yorkshire now, but golf only comes into the picture for her once a week, and that is not the best preparation for competition play. Concentration is apt to vanish at critical moments, and that little bit extra for an emergency, which Miss Lobbett used to possess in such unbounded measure, was not there. So it speaks volumes for Mrs. Walker that they were out in 37, giving nine strokes to Mrs. Gregg and Miss Sturgess, and were able to win by 4 and 3.

ON the whole, nobody distinguished went out on the Tuesday. Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield of Prestbury and Upton got through, and Mrs. Bason is certainly distinguished, for this makes her eleventh Northern Foursomes, she having played in 100 per cent. of them. Then Mrs. Tillett, who walked off with the Yorkshire Championship each of the two times that she went in for it (she was Miss Eileen Griffiths), and Mrs. Snape had a smashing win. Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Hammersley got through, and Mrs. Hammersley is distinguished because she, as Miss Berry, was runner-up in the first Northern Foursomes. Mrs. John Heaton, who has been runner-up in them twice, has a new partner this year, Mrs. Alan

Miss C. Sturgess, Miss Lobbett, Mrs. J. B. Walker, and Mrs. P. W. Gregg

Northern Foursomes at Moortown
M. Wragg, and Miss E. Tetlow

Mrs. J. H. Fulford and Mrs. J. E. Platts

Miss K. Holdsworth and Miss M. Smith

Miss Mary Priest and Miss Jean Priest

Foursomes (11th Year) at Moortown

Eleanor E. Helme

Hartley, and the pair survived a really terrible thrill for, after a whole handful of holes had slipped away, they had a chip holed against them out of a bunker at the eighteenth by Miss Sidney. Both were pretty shattered by the time they staggered in winners from the nineteenth. Then Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Clement, ex-Cheshire champions both of them, were another pair out comfortably in the thirties, and winning by 5 and 3, though they were giving eight strokes.

THAT evening, would-be wiseacres decided that we should have a thrilling final between Mrs. Walker and Miss Lobbett and Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Clement. Now, less than twenty-four hours later, both of them are beaten, and wiseacres must try and pick winners again. Their defeats were the startling things of the Wednesday morning, that and the bright sunshine after a foggy dawn.

Mrs. Walker and Miss Lobbett started off well enough against Mrs. Dobson and Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Lobbett playing a perfect chip to the first hole, Mrs. Walker contributing some very nice irons and Miss Lobbett holing a considerable putt on the sixteenth to square the match. I'm not going to tell you what figure the eighteenth was halved in, though, perhaps, you can guess when I tell you it was double what they halved the seventeenth in. There were a great many bad shots, and one superb one when Mrs. Walker pitched back off the path over the gorse and a bunker to within five feet of the hole. Anyway, it was a half, and Mrs. Dobson's side played the nineteenth very steadily to win it.

Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Clement went out to a pair of Bradford sisters, Mrs. Kinghorn and Mrs. Hindle, to whom they had to give six strokes. There was some marvellous putting from Mrs. Hindle and a holed chip, and with Mrs. Clement failing to find the greens at the short holes, the end was inevitable. The pair won again in the afternoon, and at this moment have replaced Mrs. Ashton Smalley and Mrs. Eadie as what our racing friends would call "a likely outsider" couple to back.

THE afternoon—that is, the third round—saw even more crashes of the mighty. Not the reigning Yorkshire champion, Miss Mary Johnson, who is playing really beautifully, with good support from Miss Barbara Lees, so that they gave no quarter at all to Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Dobson, who were rather astray. But out went two ex-champions of Yorkshire, Miss Mabel Wragg (with Mrs. Jones), and Mrs. Tillett with Mrs. Snape. The Yorkshire Captain, Mrs. Clifford Kitson, showed that, though she has not been playing and her handicap has gone up, she can still put a run up dead with the best of them, and so she and Mrs. White, of Ilkley, put paid to the account of another low-handicap pair, Miss Howarth and Miss Noble. And Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Hammersley departed, and Miss Willock and Miss Pollitt, and it was even a very near thing of it for the pair who won the Midland Foursomes just before Easter, Mrs. Wood and Miss Birkett, for Mrs. Thornton and her daughter were one up and three to go, and ought to have won the seventeenth as well, if only— .

Well, well, these things will happen, and if the short-handicaps cannot play the short game more accurately than the long handicaps, they really have nobody except themselves to blame; Moortown is a magnificent test of golf, and the short holes . . . But I must not launch out on them.

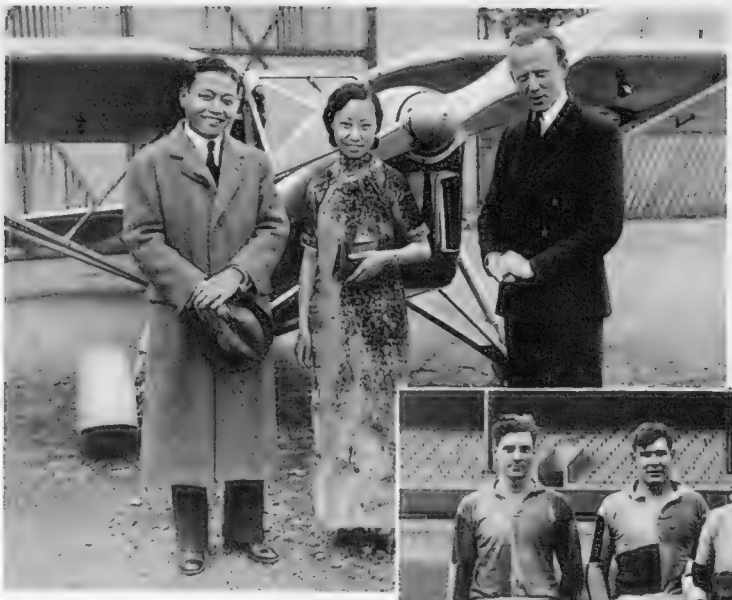
Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. A. Hartley pins a mascot on Mrs. Alan Hardicker

Mrs. D. Soulby and Mrs. M. Panikkar

Mrs. D. Eadie and Mrs. A. Smalley

Miss M. Noon and Miss Joan Hopkinson



Left: Mrs. Cheng (sister of the new President of Manchukuo), with Mr. Tui Kai Cheng and Colonel the Master of Sempill, who gave them their first flight in his Puss Moth at the British Hospitals' Pageant at Hanworth

Below: the winning Harlequin I. team of the annual Seven-a-Side Rugby Finals at Twickenham. J. C. Gibbs, the Captain, is holding the ball, and the other members of the team are H. A. Style, J. R. Cole, G. J. Dean, P. E. Dunkley, F. D. Russell-Roberts, and C. Thompson

Au Revoir, Rugby!

Smiles at Hanworth

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

FOR the moment, everything seems to be reasonably quiet in the sporting world, though I suppose there will be a good deal of chatter about the latest Australian suggestion about body-line bowling. The suggestion was, you may remember, that a rule should be framed empowering the umpire to no-ball a bowler whose short bumper or fast body-line bowling with a packed leg field was obviously intended to intimidate the batsman. If the bowler persisted, the umpire would direct the captain to take the bowler off.

Presumably we are to take this suggestion seriously, since it is put forward by a special committee of the Australian Board of Control, consisting of such experienced cricketers as W. M. Woodfull, V. Y. Richardson, and M. A. Noble. I must admit, however, that the whole business seems rather ridiculous, for already the laws of cricket lay down definitely that the umpires are the sole judges of unfair play, and that if either umpire be not satisfied with the absolute fairness of the delivery he shall call no-ball.

I am at any rate certain that the M.C.C. will not adopt the proposed rule, though I do think that the time has come for a reconsideration of the present l.b.w. law. This, in my opinion, is the cause of most of our present discontents. Incidentally, Sir Stanley Jackson, speaking at the British Sportsman's Club lunch to the West Indians' touring team the other day, gave it as his opinion that time-limitless Test matches have been responsible for a great deal of bad feeling, and here most of us will undoubtedly agree with him. Not only do time-limitless matches impose a strain on players and spectators alike, but, as I see it, they do away with one of the essential factors in cricket, which is the part played by the clock in determining the run of the game.

This British Sportsman's Club lunch, by the way, was a pleasant affair, and I was particularly taken with the speech made by G. C. Grant, the West Indian captain. He was daring enough to prophesy a successful tour, and I am glad to see that Headley, the batsman of whom we have heard so much, made a good start down at Pelsham.

OFFICIALLY, the polo season should have opened on May 1st, but, quite rightly, I think, the authorities have decided to hold it back for a fortnight or so in view of the unsuitable weather which we have had in recent Mays.

While we are talking about authority in polo, it is good to note that a rule against veiled professionalism has been framed at last. There is no question whatever that this rule was badly needed, for everyone in the polo world knows of players who make a very good thing indeed out of the game, though they are still counted as amateurs. I have no use at all for shamateurism in any kind of sport, and I hope that it will be now stamped out of polo.

The polo season will be enlivened by the presence of the Maharajah of Jaipur's All-Indian team, and I trust that our visitors will be given fixtures against representative England sides. As I write, the question has not been settled finally, but it is quite clear that the Indians are up to international standard, and it would be very interesting to see them taking part in representative matches.

I AM very attracted by Count Hollender's proposal that, in order to avoid the grotesque decisions which have done so much harm to professional boxing of late, the points scored by boxers should be announced at the end of each round. This proposal has many advantages, not least among them the fact that it would force the referee to come into the open, and thus prevent any likelihood of faked decisions. It would, moreover, add to the spectator's interest, for it would be amusing to check your own conclusions against those of the referee. It would also be most instructive, for the average spectator knows very little indeed about the finer points of the game, and it is high time that he were educated in the matter of scoring values.

AS you read this, the British Hard Court Tennis Championships will be in full swing at Bournemouth, and this promises to be a very lively meeting, since among the entrants are four of the Australian players. Everyone will be anxious to see young Vivian McGrath in action with his two-handed back-hand stroke. I find it hard to believe that McGrath, who is only seventeen years old, can really be as effective upon the back-hand in this peculiar style; and there is nothing new in it, yet his performances prove him to be an exceptionally formidable player. Altogether, these youthful Australians are likely to be dangerous visitors, for McGrath has beaten, among others, Allison and Vines, and Quist, also a seventeen-year-older, has twice beaten Van Ryn. Possibly they will not come up to expectations this week, since they cannot be properly acclimatised, but the draw suggests that we shall see a stirring struggle between H. W. Austin and J. B. Crawford, the Australian champion.

BY way of contrast to these summer activities, I propose to go to Wembley next Saturday for the Rugby League final. Never having seen a Rugby League match before, I am looking forward to this one with the keenest interest, for I believe this spectacular form of the Rugby Union game is very well worth watching. I am convinced, however, that none of the modifications which make Rugby League football so much faster could ever wisely be adopted by Rugby Unionists.

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The Doggy World

You and Your Neighbour: By Lady Kitty Ritson

PEOPLE seem a little vague in their letters to me about what constitutes an offence in the matter of dogs, trespassing, making a noise, fighting, and a few other things.

Ask your Aunt Tabitha, my dears! she knows all these things through long and sometimes bitter experience.

Now some of you seem to live under a delusion and a snare about the matter of chasing chickens by dogs, and appear to think that it does not matter. It matters quite a lot to your purse if the dog should harm or kill them, and even if they are running about in the road, the onus is on you to prevent your dog from annoying them. (It doesn't help a bit to argue that hens lay more eggs if they are chased a little. I tried this argument once, and the magistrate was quite short with me!) In my experience, the hens that dogs chase are nearly always the most blue-blooded and marvellous hens; never the common sort.

I WON'T touch upon the question of sheep-chasing, as you all know the penalties for that, and, incidentally, I am on the side of the farmer. But there is also the question of dogs barking and making a noise. My first bit of advice to you over that is—make friends with your neighbours and your neighbour's dogs, so that there need be no unpleasantness, and show that you wish to keep your own dog in order, at the same time, that you do not wish to be unreasonable about your neighbour's. For instance, when my dog goes and barks over the fence at the pram which contains my neighbour's baby on a Sunday when the nurse is out, I call the dog in, because the baby wants its sleep, and there is no reason for my dog to bark at the pram. My neighbour is accordingly grateful to me, and does not complain when there is a frightful "hullabaloo" in the orchard when the dogs are playing ball.

The dogs of the people opposite often wake me up in the middle of the night by barking at the policeman, but they do not keep up a continuous noise, and I say nothing about it. Equally, when I possess a litter of puppies, they do not complain at the wild noises which proclaim, at seven ack emma, that the pups desire their breakfast.

IT is very largely, as you perceive, a question of being reasonable, but sometimes, of course, there is real cause for complaint, such as prolonged barking at night. If you have a dog that barks all night, there will be complaints, and I, for one, would join in bitterly. There is never any reason that cannot be rectified for a dog barking like that: it is either cold, under-exercised or improperly fed. There is just one excuse: the dog may be wailing a love-song. In that case, only time or absence will effect a cure. If you have a dog that makes a noise at night, try the effect of a long walk the last thing at night, and then a drink of warm milk. You will probably hear no more of him after that.

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

LONG HOP made his first appearance of the year at the White City the other night and had no difficulty in winning his race, in spite of the fact that a certain section of the public backed the Reading hurdler, Macs Double, down to practically the same starting price. I personally benefited from this rather extraordinary state of affairs, for a better price could be obtained about Long Hop than might otherwise have been available. It was a great joy to see the famous hurdler clearing the obstacles in the old graceful and effortless style which characterised all his races last year. Long Hop is a great favourite with the public, and rightly so, for he always runs a game race, and to see him go over those hurdles is to see one of the finest sights in greyhound racing. It will take a very good dog indeed to beat him in this year's National, in spite of his predilection for running rather wide. Long Hop, I think I am right in saying, already holds the record over hurdles of more than one of the tracks where he has raced. I hesitate to think how much he would lower even these records held by himself if he could be induced to run near the rails. But, personally, I dislike criticising the dog: I am thankful for Long Hop, for full pelt over the hurdles he is one of the best sights I have ever seen.

A woman owner taking her dogs for a stroll, a sight which is becoming increasingly familiar

A NEW innovation has been decided on by the Greyhound Racing Association, and it is one which the greyhound-racing public will no doubt appreciate very much. The Hook Kennels at Northaw, which is near Potters Bar, and is the training centre of the Greyhound Racing Association, and also the largest and most luxurious of dog kennels in the world, was opened to the public last Sunday, and will continue to be every Sunday throughout the summer between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. This is the first time that the public, both race-going and dog-loving, has been given the opportunity of going behind the scenes and seeing greyhounds at home. Previously, only owners have been so privileged, the but now visitors will be able to see the famous greyhounds of the track at close quarters, and will also be able to investigate at first hand exactly how their favourites are trained for the triumphs which later take place on the tracks. Dogs that have won thousands of pounds are sometimes kennelled with youngsters that have only just started their track career; puppies romp in the paddocks; the feeding of over six hundred greyhounds and how this is done . . . these are but a few of the many attractions offered to the public at these beautiful kennels, situated amid the lovely country of Hertfordshire. Guides will be on duty to conduct the visitors around the kennels, and the large estates and many acres of park lands will also be thrown open for the first time. There are ample parking facilities for cars, and refreshments can be obtained, but for those who go by the frequent trains or motor coaches running to Potters Bar, it may be of interest to know that the kennels are not more than a quarter of an hour's walk.

TO those who are fond of greyhounds, quite regardless of those who are keen on greyhound racing, this new facility will come as a boon, and will add an extra interest to an already very fascinating sport.

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Turbot en Matelote

TAKE two sliced onions, a large carrot, a bay leaf, parsley, a clove of garlic, three cloves, some peppercorns, salt, and put them all into three pints of boiling water, and after an hour's cooking, strain and return the liquor to the saucepan with half its quantity of white wine. Cut the turbot into pieces, boil it in the bouillon gently for twenty minutes; meanwhile, fry some sliced onions and some mushrooms in butter, flavour them with pepper, salt, and a pinch of mace, add some flour for thickening, and then enough of the liquor in which the fish was boiled to make the quantity of sauce. Stir while it boils, and add the yolk of an egg. Pour this sauce over the fish and serve.

Crême de Volaille

POUND the breast of a chicken in a mortar, add half a pint of cream while pounding, and pepper and salt to taste. Pass the mixture through a hair-sieve, and work in another half-pint of cream. Garnish a plain mould with truffles, tongue, and pistachio nuts; pour in the mixture and steam for an hour very slowly. Serve with truffle sauce, which is prepared as follows: Pare some truffles as thin as possible; slice them about the size of a penny, put them into a sauté-pan with a slice of butter, some mixed parsley and shallot, salt and pepper: stir them well in the pan, and cook them gently for about ten minutes. Drain off part of the butter, and pour into the pan a small cupful of Espagnole sauce, the juice of a lemon, and a little cayenne pepper.

Oyster Dick Turpin

TAKE as many large prunes as required, hollow them out; and remove the stones, and fill each, first with a good pinch of pounded almonds, and then with a large oyster. A small piece of fat bacon should be wrapped round the prune, and the whole crisply fried.

The Editor's Box

A "Regular" Bargain

There is no question about it—for anyone who goes racing a lot, for a regular, in fact, it is amazingly much cheaper to join race-course clubs than to pay as he goes. For instance, at Kempton Park, membership of the Club costs £12 a year; this includes a lady's badge, and pays for sixteen days' racing. On the other hand, each of those sixteen days would cost a non-member and his girl-friend £3 10s.—making a total of £56 a year. Is there a regular in England who would not rather save that £44 difference and let the bookies have it instead?

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Can you plant ten trees in five rows, with four trees per row? This is one of over fifty brain twisters in the new "Bile Beans Puzzle Book," just published. Copies of this book, which is full of interesting and amusing problems, will be sent to readers, free, if they apply on a postcard to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Carlton Hill, Leeds, and mention this paper.

And a Book of Decorations

"Spring, 1933" is the title of an attractive brochure recently published by Hamptons. It has a large section in colour, in which are illustrated decorative schemes (such as that for the lounge, in plastic paint and green and black marble), some delightful new printed linens, suggestions for lighting, cushions, lampshades, and so on. A new feature which also appears here is the hand-made domestic ware, in the production of which Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., collaborated with Doultons, and which can compete with any of the latest china made abroad. The booklet may be obtained free by writing to Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall East.

"The Bystander" Ladies'

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CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 18th.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

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THE BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Turnberry Hotel, Turnberry*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive, from Monday, June 5th. Reduced railway fares, St. Pancras to Turnberry, £3 8s. 6d. return.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry on June 6th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 2nd to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: Turnberry 2.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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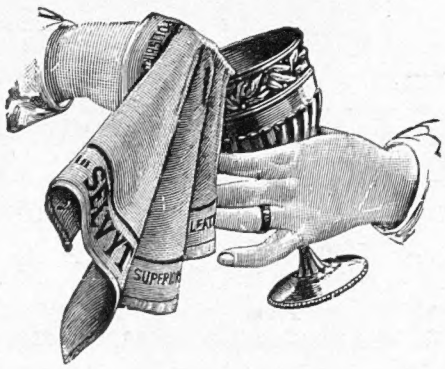

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